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McKean County Miner.

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GODINO TELLS HIS STORY OF RECENT CRIME

Talked With a MINER Reporter at the Jail Tuesday.

GODINO ALSO HELD FOR ROBBERY.

Prisoner Says He Was Not to Blame For Killing Tiberi—Claims Men Were in a Drunken Fight.

At the conclusion of the hearing on the charge of murder, held at the court house last Thursday afternoon, Francis Godino, Rocco Doqui, Salvato Caruso and Phillipo Frisina were taken to Justice Knapp's office and given a hearing on the charge of robbery. Several Italians testified that they recognized Godino as one of the band of robbers, who operated in the vicinity of Coryville, March 13, and secured about $210 from several wood-cutters. The robberies appeared where the men were working and made them hand over their money, emphasizing their demands with drawn revolvers.

No evidence was produced to connect any one of the other men with these robbers and they were therefore not held on this robbery charge. Godino was held for trial.

TALK WITH THE PRISONERS.

Tuesday morning a MINER reporter visited the jail and through the courtesy of Sheriff Mitchell and Turnkey Welch was enabled to have a talk with three of the four men charged with killing Guiseppi Tiberi at Coryville, March 26. Godino, who is generally referred to by those familiar with the affair as "the big fellow," is a dark complexioned man, weighing perhaps 170 pounds, smooth face, black "snappy" eyes, is several inches above the average height of Italians in this part of the country and gives one the impression that he is possessed of considerable strength. He can speak English in a broken way and appears to understand the language quite well. Godino was seated at a table with a pack of cards playing solitaire when visited by the turnkey and reporter. He said he was expecting friends from Olean to call on him some day this week. At first he was reticent about speaking of the Coryville trouble but suddenly burst out with his side of the story.

As near as can be gleaned from his talk Godino, Doqui, Caruso and Frisina came to Coryville Monday night in search of work. They went to the house where the tragedy occurred and were given a bottle of beer. Godino said he offered to pay for it but the workmen said, "no, that was a compliment." Afterward he paid for another round and, according to his story, saw four or five cases of beer in the house. He talked with the men about going to work. Godino said the men in the house were drunk and got into a fight and commenced to shoot. Some of them had revolvers and some had "long gun rifles." He said he drew his revolver and shot—did not shoot at anyone, and he and his comrades ran out of the house and went away to get out of the trouble. He did not know what started the shooting and only shot his revolver to protect himself. The four men stayed in the vicinity of Coryville Monday night—he did not tell where, and early Tuesday morning started to walk to Olean.

Near Eldred two men stopped them and told them to go back. One man pointed a revolver at him (Godino) and then he drew his own weapon. Then the man showed a badge and as Godino saw the stranger was a policeman he surrendered and handed over his gun. The men then took weapons from Doqui and Frisina, but Caruso had no gun.

Godino says he is 19 years of age, has been in this country about two years. His father, mother, and family live in New York City. When arrested, Godino had a portrait button on his coat and at the inquest manifested some concern as to what had become of it. When asked Tuesday whose picture it was he dropped his eyes and sadly replied, "It is my little sister." He was asked where he lived and motioning around his cell smilingly said, "I live here now." He made it understood that he had no regular home, but seemed well acquainted around Olean. He asked if another interpreter would be present at the trial next June. He did not approve of the way Pedro Natello translated the evidence at the inquest and hearing.

Rocco Doqui was next visited. He says he is 17 years old and is very boyish in appearance. He has been in this country about one year and said he had only three friends in the United States. Rocco can only speak a few words of English and therefore no story of the Coryville occurrence could be obtained from him. He takes his imprisonment greatly to heart and frequently weeps. He made it known that he also was expecting friends from Olean. Rocco claims that he got acquainted with Godino a few days before the Coryville affair and came to that place expecting to get work.

Frisina replied to the reporter's question as to whether he could speak English with a look of cool contempt. He did not speak a word. The prisoner appears to be about 25 years of age and has perhaps the most forbidding aspect of any of the quartette.

Caruso cannot speak English, but was very affable when visited. He did not tell his age but is apparently about 35. He made it understood that he was married had a wife and two children in the "the old country." Caruso is short, quite thick set, and has a large black moustache. A long scar disfigures his right cheek. When the men were searched by the sheriff Caruso had about $2 in money. The other prisoners had but a few cents.

The four are locked in separate cells as far isolated from each other as possible. With the exception of Doqui the accused men do not seem to realize the gravity of their position, but seem to think that their Olean friends will help them out of the difficulty.

Arrested for Grave Offense.

The Kane Republican of Saturday last says: We recently made mention of three young girls from Warren coming to Kane, and the mother of one of the girls following and finding her daughter in company with a man almost old enough to be her father. The man was Allen Brewer, who has been hanging around the glass plants this winter, picking up a few dollars now and then by working about the factories.

The woman swore out a warrant charging Brewer with statutory rape. The warrant was placed the hands of Officer Dilley, who located his man at Reynoldsville, and he instructed the police of that place to arrest and hold him until he arrived. Mr. Dilley went to Reynoldsville yesterday and brought the prisoner to Kane on the 3 o'clock train.

A hearing was held before Squire Hopkins, at which the testimony of the mother, who was prosecuting the case, was substantially as that given in these columns a few days ago, with the exception that when she located her daughter in the house she was alone with Brewer, and that he made his escape in his shirt sleeves, after she had "lifted" him good and hard.

The daughter testified that Brewer took her and the two other girls to a room in a house on Chase street on Sunday evening; that there was another young man with Brewer, and that they remained there until about 1 o'clock Monday afternoon, when Brewer took her to the house on the West Side, and under promise of marriage accomplished his purpose.

When asked if he had anything to say in his defense Brewer replied that he had not. Attorney Dolphin then made a scathing plea in which he unmercifully roasted the defendant, who tried to square himself by saying that he intended to marry the girl. When Mr. Dolphin called his attention to the fact that he was already married and that he would be only committing another crime, Brewer seemed nonplussed, but got out of the snarl by saying that he intended to get a divorce. 'Squire Hopkins committed him to the county jail to await the action of the grand jury. Brewer is evidently a bad actor, and should be given a term in the penitentiary.

There are other young men who are liable to get into like trouble if they do not change their tactics.

Accident to Leo Wright.

Leo Wright, a son of Henry Wright of Marvin creek, who met with a serious accident one day last week, was in a dangerous condition Tuesday, but later reports say he is much better.

Leo was driving a team hauling chemical wood off a hill in the vicinity of his home. The hillside was steep and three log chains were used on the wheels. One of them broke and the horses were unable to hold back the load. The boy was running along side the load holding on to the reins and endeavoring to stop the team, when he was caught between the heavy load and a tree and severely squeezed. His body was badly bruised and he was injured internally. An attack of pneumonia followed and for a time his condition was critical. At this writing, however, it is thought that he will eventually recover.

Did Not Reach Trial.

A dispatch in this morning's Era from Omaha, Neb., says: The suit filed by Miss Mae E. Woods against United States Senator Thomas C. Platt, William Loeb, secretary to the President and former Postmaster General Wynne for $150,000 damages, was called in court today and dismissed by Judge Kenney because no one appeared for the plaintiff. Miss Wood alleged that she had written a book entitled "The Love Letters of a Boss," which comprised a number of letters she said had been written her by Senator Platt. She alleged that Mr. Platt with the assistance of Mr. Wynne and Mr. Loeb got the letters from her and refused to return them.

Death of Daniel Crossmire.

Daniel Crossmire, one of the pioneer residents of this county, died at the home of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Crossmire, at Kane, on Monday, after a long and painful illness. He was in his 96th year.

"Uncle" Dan Crossmire, as he was lovingly known by nearly every man, woman and child in this part of the county, was a beautiful character in the history of McKean county. Upon his genial, kindly nature the sorrows and trials of life seemed to have a softening influence, and although he certainly had his share of the troubles of this life, his disposition was never morose and his smile constantly bore the stamp of brightness and benevolence.

Mr. Crossmire in the prime of life was a perfect specimen of physical manhood. He combined the strength of a giant with the gentleness of a woman. He considered it his duty to smooth the pathway of life for others, and many a sufferer has turned in distress to his never failing and sympathetic advice; his sympathy, too, often took a material form and there are many to-day who will recall, with tears of regret for his passing, the charitable acts and words of Daniel Crossmire.

To follow the career of this estimable citizen from birth to death would be to trace the history of McKean county from virgin forest to its present thickly-populated and prosperous condition. About two years ago the writer enjoyed a conversation with Mr. Crossmire and found his mental faculties as bright as those of a young man. He talked and laughed in his genial, hearty manner and related incidents of the past in McKean county, which happened before the recollection of many who are considered old men.

He was a charter member of McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M.

Short funeral services were held at late home in Kane Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Newman Matthews of the Congregational church. The remains were brought to Smethport yesterday morning and were buried under Masonic auspices in Rose Hill cemetery.

Successful Suicide.

John Sanderson of Windfall, ended his life yesterday in a fit of insanity. It will be remembered that he made an attempt at self destruction a few months ago, which he apparently much regretted and even as lately as this week Wednesday, while conversing with a friend said that he would never attempt such a thing again. At about two o'clock yesterday morning he arose and attended the wants of one of his children who was crying, and after bringing the child downstairs he went out. He did not come back and Mrs. Sanderson became alarmed. The neighbors were aroused and a search was instituted. For a long time no trace of him could be found until a dog tracked him to the creek back of his barn, where he was found face down in the water. His position would indicate a last determined effort to end his life. Removing his body his throat was found to be cut in a terrible manner and his head bruised and battered. Further investigation led the searchers to believe that he had gone from the house to the barn, where he had haggled his throat with a knife. Although bleeding profusely it did not accomplish his purpose and getting a stone hammer he tried to beat his brains out, bruising his head. He must have been greatly weakened by loss of blood by this time and staggering to the small stream nearby he put his face under the water and finished his desperate act by drowning.

This is a severe shock to his family and they have the sympathy of the community. A wife and two children, a boy aged 14 and girl of 10, survive him.—Eldred Eagle.

The County Fair.

The stockholders of the McKean County Fair Association held a business meeting in R. W. Hilton's office last night and decided to hold the next fair, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 4, 5, 6 and 7. The same officers and board of directors have been re-elected. Nothing will be left undone to make this year's fair another great success and the people of McKean county should do all in their power to help the good work along.

The agricultural exhibits this year will be much more extensive than last as the farmers and, in fact, exhibitors in every line will have much more time to prepare and plan their displays.

The fair was the event of the year in McKean county last fall and big crowds were in attendance. This year's session, if all arrangements are successful, will double the interesting features and it is not too early for every resident of the county to commence to boom the fair.

New Milk Route.

James Quirk is now prepared to furnish customers with fresh milk daily. A wagon has been placed on the road. Use the 'phone or notify the Model Restaurant if in need of milk.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Friday afternoon, Dec. 20, 1881, the friends and relatives of our venerable townsman Mr. G. R. Smith gave him a surprise party in honor of his 90th birthday, each one presenting him with a present. The old gentleman was somewhat surprised, yet not enough, however, to overcome his pleasure at meeting and hearing so many familiar voices. The afternoon was passed in social intercourse, and Mr. Smith entered into it with a spirit as young as the rest. He has been blind for ten years, yet under this great disadvantage he never gives way to despondency, but is as cheerful as though he was possessed with good eye sight. For a man of his years he is very active and has an excellent memory. In his younger days he was a great reader and stored away a great deal of valuable information. He is the father of three children, Mr. G. M. Smith, Esq., of this village and two daughters, one of whom resides in Michigan, the other living with her brother in this place.

Mr. Smith was born in Templeton, Mass., Dec. 30, 1791, and moved to New Hampshire when a small boy. His father died leaving a widow with a family of small children, and he was apprenticed to the tanner's trade. During the war of 1812 he was drafted and served until its close; after he was discharged he moved to Paris, Oneida county, N. Y., where he formed the acquaintance and married Miss Fanny Gilbert, afterwards following the business of carding wool and cloth dressing.

In the spring of 1848, Mr. Smith came with his family to Smethport, where he again commenced carding and cloth dressing, occupying the old carding mill at the south end of the iron bridge, and continued in that industry until the woolen mills throughout the country destroyed that trade. At that time his customers were very remote, some of them living as far away as Driftwood, in Cameron county. During Mr. Smith's early life he endured many hardships which would have discouraged almost any other man; but his indomitable perseverance and wonderful physical vigor enabled him to overcome all obstacles. We join with his many friends and relatives in congratulating him on his 90th birthday, and wish him many more.

Friday afternoon, Sept. 8, 1882, our baseball players will cross the willow with a nine picked from the denizens of Aiken and admitted to contain in their number the best material that the settlement on the hill can produce. Notwithstanding the fact that some big talk has been indulged in by the Aikens relative to risking large sums of money on the result of the game, the home nine will enter the field with that confidence which has been begotten by success heretofore, and that skill which not long ago laid their coming adversary low in defeat.

The position of the nine, as arranged for the coming contest by Capt. F. R. Brownell will be as follows:

Brownell, c.; Peck, p.; Knapp, f. b.; Kerns, s. b.; Sanford, t. b.; Backer, s. s.; Baker, r. f.; Mullin, l. f.; Greer, c. f.

The game will be watched with interest by many who admire this sort of exercise, and if it should be determined in favor of our boys will settle the question of superiority between them and the nine from Aiken as they took the "hill boys" in badly in the former game.

SCOOPED.

Owing to a delay in our issue this week we are enabled to give the result of the game. At 2:15 the game was called, the Aiken's going to bat. The game at first looked like a close one but the Smethport boys soon showed their superiority and took a position in advance which was maintained to the end. The departure of the train cut our boys short one inning but they had already scored 18 to their opponents 10. Conductor Stuby was chosen umpire and by impartiality and thorough knowledge of the rules of the game gave entire satisfaction to all concerned.

On Monday, September 4th, 1882, in Keating township, Belle, wife of G. I. Ormsby, aged 24 years. The remains were interred in Rose Hill cemetery on Wednesday.

Olmsted-Burlingame—At the home of the bride September 12, 1882, by Rev. E. P. Hubbell, Mr. Elbert L. Olmsted of Corry, Pa., and Mrs. Nellie J. Burlingame, of Hamlin township.

McCamman-Smith—At the residence of the bride, by Rev. O. J. Rose, Oct. 10, 1882, Mr. William McCamman and Miss Mary Smith, both of Smethport.

For Sale.

A good team of work horses, wagons, sleds, harnesses and all that goes with a first class teaming outfit. Will sell in part or all together. Inquire of
JOHN EBERSPACHER,
Smethport, Pa.

Farm for Sale

In McKean County, Pa., over 100 acres with barn, about 70 acres cleared, at Lafayette Corners, 12 miles from Bradford. Inquire at this office.

The correct shirt collar and tie will be found at Lindholm's.

For Better Commercialism.

The people, the consuming public, are becoming tired of adulterations in food products, and misrepresentations of values in all kinds of goods, and this feeling of dissatisfaction has reached our National lawmakers, through their constituents, and has resulted in the agitation of a new and far reaching kind of Federal Legislation, protecting the honest American manufacturer, the honest dealer and the victimized consumer.

The National pure food law, which passed the Senate at this session of Congress, and which will undoubtedly pass the House, is, perhaps, of first importance, as adulterations and low values in food products work ill against the health, as well as the pocketbook of the public. Next to this and of even higher financial importance, is the misrepresentation in goods made from the precious metals.

For years John C. Dueber, President of the Dueber-Hampden Watch Co., of Canton, Ohio, has been fighting for true and honest standards of values in these goods, and the initial bill of this character to be passed by Congress was the Vreeland, and United States Army measure, which became a law last year, and which originated in Mr. Dueber's fight for better commercialism and higher standards of value in goods made from the precious metals.

Congressman Vreeland, backed by Mr. Dueber, and later by the best element among the manufacturers of small articles of jewelry, has placed before Congress this session a National Stamping Act, which will regulate the making of articles from gold and silver. This measure has received a favorable report from the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House, and will, it is thought, become a law.

This is legislation along the right line, and while it protects the people at large, it also protects our home merchants against the illegitimate competition of the mail order fakir, who has no conscientious scruples about misrepresentation if he can gain profit.

New Rural Mail Orders.

Commencing April first rural carriers will have to count the pieces of mail handled by them. For the past three months they have been relieved from this duty by the order of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General. No one residing within the corporate limits of a city or town or, within one-half mile of a postoffice at an unincorporate town or village, can have service from a rural free delivery route. On all routes where unapproved, inappropriate, unsafe and non-weather proof boxes are being used by patron it is required by the department that these receptacles be promptly replaced by approved boxes or service will be discontinued. Each patron's box must be so erected by the roadside that the carrier can easily gain access to it without deviating from the route as officially ordered, and without dismounting from his conveyance. Postmasters and carriers are not allowed to withdraw service from boxes which are now being served without specific authority from the Department. Where unapproved boxes are in use on rural routes the names of all persons maintaining such boxes must be reported to the Department by postmasters.

St. Luke's Services.

At St. Luke's church the services on Palm Sunday, April 8, will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. At All Saints', East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m.

The services during Holy Week will be daily morning prayer at 9 o'clock and evening prayer at 7:30, with additional service on Wednesday at 4:45 p. m. and on Good Friday at 12 m. to 3 p. m., and children's service at 4 p. m. Holy baptism will be administered on Easter even.

The three hours' service on Good Friday, from 12 m. to 3 p. m., will consist of prayers, hymns, silent devotions and meditations on the seven sayings from the cross. The service will be in printed form for the use of the congregation. An urgent appeal is made to all to attend this service, or some part of it. Parents are asked to interest themselves in procuring a large attendance of children at 1 p. m. to hear the Story of the Cross.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Smethport Gas Co., for the election of directors and transaction of other business, will be held at the office of the Company, Fulton street, Smethport, Pa., on Monday, May 7th, 1906, at 7:30 p. m. By order of
D. C. YOUNG, Pres.

Mrs. Carrie Clark wishes to announce that she will hold her spring opening of millinery on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. She will show the latest styles in pattern hats, frames and millinery supplies.

For Sale.

Two valuable cows, two buggies and a cutter. For particulars inquire of Mrs. Mary Brandt, Smethport, Pa.

Notice.

Nice upland pasture, pure spring water. Inquire of Eugene Glavin, R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

For wet feet try a pair of Hood's Rubbers. The Lindholm Co.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Indian and the Railroad.

Gail Hamilton said if there never were to be any railroads it would have been an impertinence in Columbus to have discovered America. The Indian's knowledge of the position and direction of the rivers and lakes and of the positions of the portages and his readiness under the right sort of persuasion to put this knowledge at the service of explorers, missionaries and settlers "stood out" strong from Columbus before the railways came. Indians piloted Captain John Smith, Champlain and La Salle the old wilderness. Indian trails blazed pathways for the pioneers through forests and over mountains. Sometimes these trails were utilized by the railway builders. At the Louisiana Purchase exposition at St. Louis and at the Lewis and Clark fair at Portland were monuments to the heroic Shoshone girl, Sacajawea, who piloted Lewis and Clark across the Rocky mountains and through the wilderness on each side of that range in their exploration of the Pacific.—C. M. Harvey in Atlantic.

Cheapest Place to Live.

"The cheapest place in the world is Antioch," said a globe trotter. "I once passed a winter there, and all it cost me, though I leased a fine house and kept three servants, was $4 a week. Antioch is in Asia, on the Mediterranean. The climate is all right for winter—as good a winter climate as Monte Carlo, Palm Beach or Los Angeles. For my house I paid $5 a month rent. My servants I paid 50 cents a week. Mutton cost 3 cents a pound. Eggs were 2 cents a dozen. Chickens were 5 cents apiece. Fish cost a fifth of a cent a pound. The finest of fresh fruits and vegetables—fresh fruits and vegetables in February—were so cheap that they were not sold in quantity. You got all you wanted for so much a week. All I wanted for my household cost me a quarter weekly. An American resident of Antioch told me that he and his family lived comfortably on $175 a year."—New York Press.

The Danes and Britain.

John Ackworth, an English dialect novelist who made a special study of the dialects of Lancashire, Yorkshire, the east coasts and also of the Danes, shows that the Danes by their early landings and sojournings in England have influenced the language of the east coasts of Britain to an extraordinary degree and that the Danes and the British, in spite of apparent differences, are one practically in speech and language as well as in the relationship of blood. "So strong is the English of the east coasts of England impregnated with Danish," John Ackworth once said, "that I am sure that if a fisherman from the east coasts of England were to be wrecked on the shores of Denmark and he would only speak in his true native dialect that fisherman would be able to make himself understood."

The Christian Era.

The Christian era was suggested or devised by Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman monk, who, in 527, began its use and proposed that all public and private documents should be dated "in the year of our Lord." It did not come into general use in France until the eighth century nor in England until July, 816; in Spain it was not adopted until the eleventh century; in Portugal it was made legal in 1415; in the empire of the East it was published by royal edict in [illegible], a few weeks before the fall of Constantinople.

Where Circulation Is Feeblest.

Those who lead a sedentary life find the circulation feeblest about the nose, ears and temples, and those parts of the face should be energetically kneaded several times a day. When the pores become distended the fine, invisible dust in the air enters and clogs and blackens them. Mere ordinary face washing, even when warm water and soap are used, is not sufficient to remove the dirt in the pores, but the vigorous use of the lemon will cleanse and carry off all such unsightly blemishes.

Care of the Feet.

The feet should be bathed at night, and this treatment is an excellent sleep producer. The water should be salted. The face should be scrubbed all over with a nailbrush, which will often prevent the formation of corns, while hard spots on the soles may be rubbed with a piece of fine emery paper or file before the feet are [illegible].

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending March 31, 1906:

Edward Kelly, William Orie, John Smidt, H. F. Smith, M. Walsh.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Lost.

An umbrella belonging to Adella, a little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heilman, was taken, probably by mistake, from in front of A. E. Foster & Co.'s store last Friday. The person is requested to leave the same at Brownell's store and receive the personal thanks of Mrs. Heilman.

Attend Carrie Clark's spring opening on Thursday, Friday and Saturday and see the new styles.

A Composite Story

By ALICE LOUISE LEE

Copyright, 1905, by Alice Louise Lee

THE god of friendship had been unusually good to Evalyn Harly and Allen Devon until they tried even the patience of that divinity by undertaking a certain piece of work together.

"Allen is such a relief," Evalyn Harly said nonchalantly when the door closed behind another caller. "He keeps his head."

"And his heart?" her father would ask, with a sly twinkle in his eyes.

"If he didn't," Evalyn would retort, with dignity, "he would not be a relief."

When Allen felt particularly bored he turned his steps toward the park. "Evalyn never tires a fellow. Evalyn is a trump!" he would mutter.

They spent long evenings discussing themselves and other literary matters, for both had literary tastes. At last there came a day when they determined to test those tastes and write a story together.

That was the work which enraged the god.

"How is it done?" asked Allen meditatively.

He sat before the great open fire in the Harly hall, his eyes following the upward sparks.

"This is my idea," said Evalyn. Evalyn was curled upon a heap of cushions, scarlet and blue, on the other side of the fire. "We will each of us write the whole story, you know, and then we'll compile. We will criticise each other mercilessly and piece together the patches our criticism has left."

They went to work at once. An incident had fallen into their hands. It happened to be an accident. A third party, with whom they were both acquainted, furnished it. It had nearly cost this third person his life, but that only made it more thrilling for them.

They created their hero and heroine. Of course they agreed. Agreement in tastes and ideas was the basis of their long friendship. They talked over each situation until their mental pictures did not differ by a hair's breadth. Then they parted.

A month later, the 1st of May, Allen boarded the Hoboken ferry with a bulky manuscript in his pocket. He had spent April in New Jersey writing. Allen had never thought more and worked harder in his life.

Evalyn was waiting for him and had been for an hour. With her own hands

"WE WILL EACH OF US WRITE THE WHOLE STORY."

she rearranged curtains and dusted books on which no dust existed. Evalyn was nervous.

A pile of neatly matched papers lay on the table.

"Well," she said breathlessly when James ushered in Allen.

"Well," he smiled, clasping her outstretched hand.

"You are looking thin, Allen!" said Evalyn, giving him a searching glance.

Allen laughed. "If I look as thin as I feel," dropping his manuscript and hat, he seated himself at the table. "I could drink with any alcoholic!"

He sat down on one side of the table, Evalyn on the other. The stories which were to be "composite" lay between them.

"You read first," she said.

"No, you."

"Oh, no! A lord of creation ought to lead."

"A lord of creation ought to yield," returned Allen, with a bow.

"That's the only graceful speech I've ever heard you make. I'll read first just to show my appreciation," laughed Evalyn.

She drew a long breath, steadied her voice and began. Allen listened attentively. It soon became evident that there were some parts of the narrative which he did not like. The story, on the whole, seemed better than his, with one exception—her hero was not natural. Of course it would be an easy matter to call attention to that because Evalyn would gladly recognize any defects he could point out.

Evalyn read on. Allen dropped his head on his hands thoughtfully. Strange she should guard against that hero's having any faults.

"Finis, the end, the close, the period," exclaimed Evalyn, giving the papers a little wave. "Well?" breathlessly turning to Allen.

He aroused himself and looked at her glowing face. After all it would be fair to say the nice things first.

"It's rich, Evalyn, and see here! You have the advantage of me. You have pictured your heroine so I can see her—the way she does her hair and her dress and all that. Now, all I could do with her appearance was to wrap a piece of black stuff around her and twist her hair up any old way."

Evalyn's face beamed, and her eyes danced. "Oh, I'm so glad you have not hit the hero! The others I just dashed off, but I tell you I spent days over the hero."

Allen gave a start of dismay and said nothing.

"How do you like him?" suddenly suspicious of the other's silence.

"I—well—that—is"— then in sudden inspiration, "I am glad you parted his hair on one side."

Evalyn flushed slightly and moved uneasily.

Allen took advantage of the momentary confusion which his remark seemed to cause her to say eagerly: "Now, before we go any further with this, hear mine, and then we can take both up together. But before we go on I want you to promise me something."

"Well?"

"If there is anything in this you don't like I want you to say so at once. Will you?"

"Why, of course, we agreed on that weeks ago," replied Evalyn, in astonishment. "Otherwise we can never get the stories collaborated. Haven't you said just what you think about mine?"

"Oh, yes, so far," glibly. "Perhaps I shall think of other things to say, though when mine is torn to tatters. That's what I want you to do with it," impressively.

He read.

Evalyn did not listen quietly as he had come. She became unaffectedly excited. She nodded and exclaimed and got Allen so enthused that he forgot he was reading his own production, and it began to sound fairly well in his own ears. When he finished two pairs of very bright eyes looked across the table.

Evalyn clapped her hands enthusiastically. "Allen, you've outdone yourself. That is fine. And you have always pretended you could not write conversation. It's the best part of your story."

"Not so good as yours," Allen hastened to interrupt.

"Indeed it is. Now, that third person says much brighter things for you than for me. Otherwise how exactly alike we have made him."

"That comes of our both knowing him and sketching him true to life," Allen began, intent on opening a way for his criticism of her hero. "Don't you think our characters ought to be real people—true to life as we have seen them?"

Evalyn hesitated a little over her reply. "Indeed I do. Now, we were to be frank about the faults as well as the virtues, were we not?"

"Yes, yes," eagerly, "and so I'll be obliged to"— Allen checked himself hastily. "Excuse me. You had not finished."

He was so anxious now to have that hero disposed of.

Evalyn hesitated. She tore bits off the corner of her pages.

"Why, yes, I had not much more to say except—well, I might as well say it so long as I promised to be frank—we promised to be frank," she corrected herself. "Really, Allen, your story success what I believed you capable of doing in every way save your heroine."

"The heroine?" said Allen, taken aback. "Why, my heroine"—he paused. "Your heroine is not a real girl."

Allen stared fixedly across the table. The light failed from his eyes. He stammered, "My heroine—er—what's the matter with her?"

Evalyn spoke firmly. "She is unnatural from the heart out"—

"Exactly the fault with your hero," Allen interrupted bluntly.

"My hero?" in tones of wonder. "I thought you liked my hero." Evalyn stiffened visibly.

"Oh, no! I said I liked his hair, but the cut of a man's hair doesn't index his disposition, and it's his disposition that I take exception to. No man on earth ever had his disposition"—here, fortunately, Allen stopped. He hardly knew what he had said because his thoughts were more on his own heroine, whom Evalyn wanted to demolish.

Evalyn had grown very stiff and very cold. Her tone was frigid. "Your heroine is evidently a match for my hero, as those are the very criticisms I had to offer on her, although," her tone, if possible, was a shade more icy, "I should hardly have offered my remarks in that way."

"What way?" asked Allen, bewildered and not able to recall what he had said.

Evalyn made no reply.

"Really," began Allen, "tell me what I've said to offend you. We were to criticise frankly"—

"But not sarcastically," interrupted Evalyn briefly. She maintained her rigidity to curb the quiver of her lips.

"Forgive me if I have been rude," returned Allen, slightly haughty. "This girl is the only character I care a cent about. How is she unnatural?"

Evalyn swallowed suddenly. "Any girl would have been jealous if a man she loved had treated her in that way"—

"This girl would not be," muttered Allen.

"Of course, if you know," returned Evalyn, "the criticism is out of place. I must say I have never met such a girl."

There was an uncomfortable pause and then Allen said quite humbly, "Evalyn, the truth is the heroine is a real girl."

"A friend of yours?" in a curiously constrained voice.

Allen's manner also was far from restful. He stammered a little. "Y-yes."

"I congratulate you on knowing the happy possessor of all the virtues and none of the faults of womankind." Evalyn rose calmly. She consulted her watch. "I have to meet an engagement in half an hour," she continued. "I am sure you will excuse me."

Allen arose, thoroughly miserable. "Certainly. I presume we can finish the story some other time," stuffing the manuscript into his pocket as though he wished it might keep on in its downward journey.

Evalyn accompanied him to the hall. There she paused, her foot on the first step of the stairs, her hand on the railing. James had opened the door for Allen. "By the way, my hero does match your heroine in this—he also is taken from life."

Allen left the house in a gloomy state of mind. He turned his steps toward the park. It was late in the afternoon, but he did not feel hungry. He

"YOU ARE MY HEROINE."

wanted to walk and think. He drew his hat over his eyes and strode along.

That hero a real man! If so, it was only the eyes of love that could see so many virtues and so few faults in him. This was a bitter thought to Allen. During his month's exile from the city he had been startled at a revelation of which he had not previously dreamed. It was in view of that revelation that this thought was bitter.

So absorbed was he that an hour later he passed a rustic seat on which a girl dressed in gray sat. He saw her without knowing that he saw her. Half an hour later—to judge by his feelings, half a minute, allowing the same privilege to his watch—he aroused himself to the consciousness that it was Evalyn.

He turned and hastily retraced his steps to the rustic seat and stood before her.

She was gazing at the sunset glow in the fleecy clouds which hung low over the city. The poise of her head said distinctly to the author of that unfortunate heroine, "Please stand out of the light."

Allen responded by standing directly in it.

"The sunset is beautiful," said Evalyn. Her tone had not thawed yet.

"Evalyn, I didn't know you back here," vaguely.

"I spoke of the sunset," distinctly from Evalyn.

"I was thinking about something very earnestly," Allen went on, taking no notice of either the sunset or her remarks, "and there is something I want to say."

There was a pause.

"Well, I am not speaking," flippantly from Evalyn.

Allen ignored the flippancy and continued slowly. "My heroine may be in fault, but I don't believe it. You see, I could not write her any differently because I see her that way. Evalyn," turning solemn eyes on her, "you are my heroine."

Evalyn caught her breath and dropped her eyes. Her cheeks for a moment took on the color of the sunset she had been admiring, then they began to dimple.

Suddenly she arose and said gravely: "Allen, I have something to tell you confidentially. I know I can trust you that it goes no farther."

"Allen looked at her in alarm. Her eyes were on the path, and he could not catch the mischief in them.

"You may trust me," he said briefly, his voice quite unsteady.

"In that case, then, I don't mind telling you that my hateful hero is no other than yourself."

Then it was that the wounded god of friendship resigned and the reign of another god began.

He Knew the Grand Secret.

There were many queer characters in Ballantyne's printing house in Edinburgh, and one of them declared that he knew who wrote the Waverley novels, "almost as soon as the master," James Ballantyne.

"I had just begun a new sheet of 'Guy Mannering,'" he would say, "one night awhile after 12, and all the compositors had left, when in comes Mr. Ballantyne himself, with a letter in his hand and a lot o' types.

"'I am going to make a small alteration, Sandy,' said he. 'Unlock the form, will you? I'll not keep you many minutes.'

"Well, I did as I was bidden, and Mr. Ballantyne looked at the letter and altered three lines on one page and one line on another.

"'That will do now, Sandy, I think,' were his words, and off he went, never thinking he had left the letter lying on my bank. I had barely time to get a glimpse of it when he came back, but I kent the hand weel and the signature, and it was 'Walter Scott.' I had a great lang ballant (ballad) in Sir Walter's ain hand o' write at hame, so that I was nae stranger to it. So, you see, gentlemen, I kent the grand secret when it was a secret."

Washington Irving.

A house in William street, New York, was Irving's birthplace on April 3, 1783. The British were soon to evacuate the city and Washington to take possession of it. Mrs. Irving, a warm hearted woman of English birth and an ardent patriot of the new land, said, "Washington's work is ended, and the child shall be named after him." The child was still in the care of a Scotch nurse when one day she saw the president, as Washington then was, enter a shop, and after him she went. "Please, your honor," said she, "there's a bairn was named after you." The president laid his hand on the boy's head and gave him a blessing, which he never forgot.

His Plans.

"Did the architect carry out your plans?"

"Guess he must have. I haven't been able to find any of them about the house."—Cleveland Leader.

We never see the target a man aims at in life; we see only the target he hits.—Jordon.

HUNTING WILD BEES

THE METHODS EMPLOYED IN THIS FASCINATING WORK.

Various Devices For Tracking the Insect to Its Hive—Tales of Birds That Show the Way to the Store of Honey—Insect Bee Hunters.

Though the bee has been much prised for its industry, there are some who have ventured to hint that it is a little foolish to store up sweets which it may never enjoy. Southey, for example, rallies it gently for its miserly habits:

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee.
Late and early at employ,
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent
What thy winter will never enjoy.
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy bee.

Not the usual lesson, by the way, which we are supposed to learn from the busy bee. And truly, though so highly praised for its wisdom also, the hive bee does seem a little foolish in storing up so much more honey than it can possibly require, for many of the wild bees, though they are supposed to be on a lower level of development and intelligence, are wiser. They store honey also, but they provide only enough for their own needs. And certainly the overflowing store of the hive brings an additional element of danger into the already handicapped life of the bee, for the golden store attracts the plunderer, and the bee is hunted for its honey.

Bee hunting is a fascinating pursuit and is thus described as it takes place, or used to take place, in the openings of the American forests by Fenimore Cooper in "Oak Openings." On a grassy glade of some fifty acres amid the forests of dwarf oak stands the bee hunter. The implements of his craft are simple. A small covered tin cup, a plate, a tumbler and a wooden box compose them. The wooden plate is first placed on a leveled tree stump and a piece of honeycomb from the box set on it. Then some honey from the tin cup is poured into the comb.

All around bees are buzzing in thousands among the flowers, and Buzzing Ben, as the bee hunter is nicknamed, proceeds to capture one. Finding one to his mind on a head of white clover, he conveys it with the aid of the glass tumbler to the honey. Secure under the glass, with the hunter's cap over it to make it dark, the bee begins to fill itself with honey. So eagerly is it engaged that the hunter ventures to remove cap and glass and goes in search of another bee, which is soon as eagerly engaged in filling itself as the other.

And now comes the crucial part, the real exercise of the bee hunter's craft. The first bee has imbibed its fill and is ready to return to the hive. It rises, circles about to get its bearings and then goes off on a bee line for the hive. The bee hunter follows it with his eye as far as he is able. If two or three bees follow in the same line the hive may be found by this method alone, which is known as lining.

Sometimes, however, a finer part of the art of bee hunting is required. The bee hunter must angle for the hive. Having taken the line of one or two bees from the one spot, he removes to another a few hundred yards off. As before, he captures a bee, lets it fill itself with honey and marks the line it takes to its hive. If it is from the same hive as the one released from the first spot, the point of intersection of these two bee lines will mark the position of the hidden honey.

In Australia the implements of the bee hunter are even more simple. A little gum, a bit of cotton and a bottle of water are what the aboriginal black of that country provides himself with when he goes out to seek for honey. Finding a bee on a flowering bush, he fills his mouth with water and takes a bit of gummed cotton in his hand. Approaching the bee, he squirts water at it from his mouth, and while the bee is trying to shake it off he sticks the bit of cotton wool to its back. The bee, thus rendered conspicuous, makes off for its nest, and the hunter, mounting his horse, follows, keeping the bee in sight. For several miles the bee flies on, till it reaches a large gum tree. The nest is in the tree, and when the bees are smoked out some thirty pounds of honey are found.

A little bird somewhat larger than a sparrow appears, fluttering and twittering around. The native bee hunter understands it as an invitation to come and get more honey, so he rushes off after the bird. After flying several miles the avian guide begins to hover over a tree, and bees are seen to issue from a hole in the trunk. The honey is secured and a portion set apart for the bird, which has been sitting patiently by in the meantime. The native hunter is quite convinced that if he did not give his feathered guide a portion of the spoil it would never lead him to honey again.

Such tales of birds showing the way to honey are received with a certain amount of reserve and skepticism by ornithologists, yet they are told with such a wealth of circumstantial detail as to be almost convincing. Captain Gordon Cumming, for example, in his book, "The Lion Hunter In South Africa," gives an interesting account of the honey guide in that country. He describes it as a bird about the size of a chaffinch, of a light gray color, and says that it "invariably leads a person following it to a wild bees' nest."

In Ceylon, according to the account given by Sir S. W. Baker, the natives track the bees to their hives without any implements whatever, depending on their keen eyesight alone. The flight of a bee en route for the nest is very different from that of the one still engaged in flitting from flower to flower. The bee hunter selects one of the former and follows it with his eye as far as he is able. He then keeps his eye on the line taken by the bee and quickly sees others passing in the same direction. So, keeping his eye on the line and gradually following it on foot, he presently reaches the honey in the tree.

Such are some of the devices of the bee hunter in following a bee to the hive. If one was small enough a simpler and more luxurious way would be to ride on the bee's back, and this is actually the method adopted by an insect bee hunter. The mother oil beetle lays her eggs in the ground, but her young require to be nourished on the products of the hive. She makes no provision, however, for getting them there, but, like most other insects, leaves them to feed for themselves. The young beetles thus perforce become bee hunters. They climb up into some flower and lie there waiting for the bee. When one comes along intent on sipping nectar the young oil beetle jumps on to it and clings to its hairy coat by means of its own hooked legs. Thus it is carried to the hive.—London Globe.

AMBITION.

It May Be Cultivated, but It Requires Care and Education.

Many people seem to think that ambition is a quality born with us; that it is not susceptible to improvement; that it is something thrust upon us which will take care of itself. But it is a passion that responds very quickly to cultivation, and it requires constant care and education, just as the faculty for music or art does, or it will atrophy.

If we do not try to realize our ambition it will not keep sharp and defined. Our faculties become dull and soon lose their power if they are not exercised. How can we expect our ambition to remain fresh and vigorous through years of inactivity, indolence or indifference? If we keep letting opportunities slip by us without making any attempt to grasp them our inclination will grow duller and weaker.

"What I must need," as Emerson says, "is somebody to make me do what I can." To do what I can, that is my problem; not what a Napoleon or a Lincoln could do, but what I can do. It makes all the difference in the world to me whether I bring out the best thing in me or the worst, whether I utilize 10, 15, 25 or 90 per cent of my ability.

Everywhere we see people who have reached middle life or later without being aroused. They have developed only a small percentage of their success possibilities. They are still in a dreamy state. The best thing in them lies so deep that it has never been awakened. When we meet these people we feel conscious that they have a great deal of latent power that has never been exercised. Great possibilities of usefulness and of achievement are all unconsciously going to waste within them.

If you interview the great army of failures you will find multitudes have failed because they never got into a stimulating, encouraging environment, because their ambition was never aroused or because they were not strong enough to rally under depressing, discouraging or vicious surroundings. Most of the people we find in prisons and poorhouses are pitiable examples of the influence of an environment which appealed to the worst instead of to the best in them.—Success.

Marvels to the Natives.

Dr. Gregory, in exploring the lofty ranges of Mount Kenya, in Africa, was accompanied by native followers from the coast, to whom the frost and snow met with at great altitudes were inexplicable wonders that could be attributed only to magical agencies. "They came to tell me," wrote the traveler, "that the water they had left in their cooking pots was all bewitched. They said it was white and would not shake. The adventurous Fundi had even hit it with a stick, which would not go in. They begged me to look at it, and I told them to bring it to me. They declined, however, to touch it and implored me to go to it. The water, of course, had frozen solid. I handled the ice and told the men they were silly to be afraid of it, for this change always came over water on the tops of high mountains. I put one of the pots on the fire and predicted it would soon turn again into water. The men sat around and anxiously watched it. When it had melted they joyfully told me that the demon was expelled, and I told them they could now use the water, but as soon as my back was turned they poured it away and refilled their pots from an adjoining brook."

Epitaph and Biography.

After all, what is biography but extended epitaph? Between the two the obituary may be regarded as a sort of connecting link. But take the epitaph, pure and simple, as the seed of biography. Here are the dates of birth and death. If there is no more, surely it is sometimes because there is little more to say. If there is a list of the distinctions to which the dead attained here, forsooth, is the framework for the biographer's narrative. Append your text, "The memory of the just is blessed," or whatever sentiment your fancy may prefer, and you have given the biographer the starting point for his eulogy, which nowadays he will possibly call an "appreciation."

These seeds of biographic narrative and eulogy are sown, I admit, more sparingly in our later day than of old. The fashion of reserve has grown. So, too, has that leveling force which molds men into one familiar pattern. If there is less diversity and individuality in epitaphs, so there is in men—and in biographies.—Atlantic.

Cold Feet.

Never go to bed with cold feet; never try to sleep without being perfectly certain that you will be able to keep them warm. To lie one night with cold feet gives such a strain to the system as will be felt seriously, perhaps ending in a fit of sickness. Cold feet show an unbalanced circulation. The very best thing to do is to warm them by exercise, if that be practicable; if not, by dipping them in hot and cold water alternately two or three times and then using vigorous friction. If that does not warm them and keep them warm, heat them before the fire, drying them thoroughly, and then correct your habits or improve your health, for be sure that one or the other is wrong, perhaps both.

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 5, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—April.

—Lent is drawing to a close.

—The heir-to-immense-fortune swindle seems to be doing a flourishing business in this part of the country.

—There was a fatal case of black diphtheria at Renovo last week, a young lady dying of that dread disease on Friday.

—Isaac Arnett, charged with larceny and placed in jail a few weeks ago, has secured bail and was released from the county bastile recently.

—Mrs. Effa R. Beiver, editor of the Galeton Leader-Dispatch is taking an enforced vacation owing to a serious eye affliction. Mrs. Beiver has the sympathy of the Miner.

—Mr. and Mrs. Clair White moved to Smethport Monday. They are excellent citizens and Port Allegany loses for a time a desirable family. Mr. White has employment with Robert Hilton for the summer as chaffeur.—Reporter.

—John Wilhelm, a glassworker employed at Eldred, was before Justice B. L. Knapp on Saturday charged with jumping a board bill. Henry Heilman of this place was the defrauded party. Wilhelm was committed to jail in default of bail.

—Members of the W. C. T. U. are are urged to attend the meeting in the M. E. chapel, Saturday, April 7, at 3:30 p. m. Important business in regard to the county convention to be held in Bradford, April 19 and 20, must be transacted. Visitors always welcome.

—The new owners of the Keystone glass plant took possession of the factory on Saturday. The concern was sold last week by R. H. Hilton, R. E. Burdick, H. H. Redfield and other other Smethport persons to B. N. McCoy, W. C. Niece, M. J. Gallup and others of Kane and Mt. Jewett.

—The Mt. Jewett Herald says: Elisha K. Kane has a force of men and a steam shovel at work at Sheldon hollow, on the Smethport branch of the Kushequa Route, constructing a large fill, which will result in the abandonment of a high trestle, and also reduce the degree or curvature in the line at that point. The undertaking represents a whole lot of dollars, but will greatly improve the road.

[illegible] of Thunder.

[illegible] the throne, or [illegible] the natives call it, [illegible] the gems, is the whites [illegible] point on the west [illegible] of the African continent. The [illegible] the mariner gets of it who, [illegible] from the northward, has been [illegible] for days along low shores [illegible] of great rivers, fringed [illegible] with dense swamps, is a thing no [illegible] ever forgot. Suddenly, right [illegible] the great mountain [illegible] 13,000 feet, while close at [illegible] to the eastward, towers the lovely [illegible] of Fernando Po to its [illegible] feet and great as it is its first [illegible] every time you see it it becomes [illegible] unlike it is never the same. Five times I have been in the beautiful bay at its foot and have never seen it twice alike. Sometimes it is wreathed with hairy black tornado clouds, sometimes crested with snow, sometimes standing out hard and clear, as though made of metal, and sometimes softly gorgeous, with green, gold, purple and pink vapors tinted by the sunset.—London Mail.

A Trying Reform.

A Presbyterian clergyman of New York with two popular daughters has discovered a new way to end the visits of their beaus at a seemly hour—a plan which might appeal to lay families as well. For a number of years it has been a custom of this good man to hold evening worship after supper, always concluding the prayers with a short discourse. Things went very well until the daughters began to receive the attentions of young men and begged off or stole away to make their evening toilets. Then the minister changed the devotional hour until 10 in the evening. This reform created an upheaval, but the father insisted, and at the stroke of 10 the visiting young men are now left one alternative—either to leave or join with the family in prayer—and it has proved a severe test of their devotion for the daughters when those not prayerfully inclined stick it out, sermon and all.—New York World.

Nicotiana Affinis.

Nicotiana affinis, the border flower which opens about 6 o'clock and gives a powerful and pleasant fragrance during the night, takes its name from the botanical term for the tobacco plant, nicotiana, which was named in honor of John Nicot of Nismes, ambassador from the king of France to Portugal, who procured the first seeds from a Dutchman, who had them from Florida.

The arrows of sarcasm are barbed with contempt. It is the sneer in the satire or ridicule that galls and wounds. —W. Gladden.

Old Parliamentary Fines.

It is costly to be a member of the British parliament, but some ancient [illegible] are [illegible] modern members. An order dated 1593 runs thus: "Those who go out of the house in a confused manner to forfeit 10 shillings." Others enact that all the members that come after 8 (the house met at 8 o'clock in the morning then) to pay 1 shilling, and those who do not come the whole day to pay 5 shillings, those who do not come to prayers to pay 1 shilling, such members as come after 9 o'clock to pay 1 shilling to the poor," etc. Still more expensive was it for members to go out of town without permission. In 1604 a penalty of £10 was imposed upon every knight and of £5 upon every citizen who should make default in attending the house, and a penalty of £40 upon every member "as shall desert the service of the house for the space of three days together (not having had leave granted him by the house), and be shall be sent for in custody and committed to the Tower." Week enders had a bad time in 1604.

Why Fruits Turn Red.

Fruits turn red when they ripen because of a wise provision of Mother Nature. It makes the fruit conspicuous to birds and other animals, and thus it aides the dispersion of the seed. If the fruit were of the same color as the leaves it might easily be passed over, and the fruit or seed is inconspicuous through either the want of color or the small size; dispersal is effected without the aid of animals, as in the case of the dandelion, whose seed is carried about by the wind, or of the balsam, the seed of which is ejected by a sort of spring. The colored fruits, such as the grape and the cherry, are furnished with succulent coats, which provide food to birds, who in their impatience often swallow the seeds or stones, which may pass through the animal's body without change. Seeds may thus be conveyed not only for considerable distances on land, but also from continents to oceanic islands, which may in this way acquire a new vegetation.

Some London Clubs.

[illegible] institutions [illegible] such [illegible] is "Sweet [illegible] the Front [illegible] every [illegible] the club. There are [illegible] which [illegible] Lad. Express" enumerates the following:

The [illegible] admirers of Charles [illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible] (or ladies and [illegible]

The Castaways' club (resigned naval officers).

The Lost Legion (for empire pioneers).

The Ways of Madeira.

The people of Madeira are as harmless as their country. The stranger meets with no snakes and need not fear mosquitoes; neither has he to take any precautions against being molested in the most out of the way parts. Everywhere civility, politeness and pleasant faces will greet him. The prices asked are grotesque, often five times what will be finally accepted. Some find the absence of fixed prices abroad a great nuisance, but the bargaining in Madeira is so good humored and can be made so amusing that the change of custom in this respect is rather refreshing.

A Picturesque Wedding.

An interesting wedding recently took place in England. The bridegroom was a fireman, and accordingly the members of the local fire brigade attended the wedding. They formed up outside the church and made an arch with their axes, under which the bride and bridegroom walked. Then the firemen drew the happy couple home in a carriage, blowing their whistles as they went through the streets.

German Silver.

One of the oddities of nomenclature is that the combination of metals known as German silver contains no silver in its composition and is of Chinese and not of German origin. It was introduced into Europe by the Germans, and for some time it was not generally known that they had simply borrowed it from the Chinese.

Glandular Swellings.

Here is a remedy for goiter and glandular swellings: Glycerinated iodine lotion—iodide of potassium, two drams; distilled water, one pint; glycerin (pure), one ounce. Dissolve the iodide in the water, then add the glycerin. Apply with antiseptic gauze or fine linen.

On His Dignity.

Mr. Q. Ponze—No, sir; my daughter would starve if she married you. Mr. Nocoyn—Oh, well, if you're the sort of man that would let your own daughter starve I've no desire to become a relative of yours. I withdraw my request, sir.—Cleveland Leader.

Looking For a Smoke.

Hobbs—Queer, isn't it, that it never rains when one wants it to? Dobbs—Garden in need of rain? Hobbs—No, it's myself. My wife gave me a new umbrella for a birthday present, and it hasn't rained since.

Balanced.

The Caller—Your art gallery is a treat. This picture especially is delightful; the values are so well balanced. Mr. Porkham—That's right—frame, $200; picture, same price.—Puck.

Inflexible.

"She is so rigidly conscientious."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; she sticks to her principles as if it were a matter of etiquette."—Brooklyn Life.

According to an old superstition of the mediaeval church, whenever a cock crows a lie is being told.

Buried by Torchlight.

Allerton Hall was upward of four centuries the property and residence of the Kitchingman family. It was the largest and most ancient mansion in Leedstown, consisting of about sixty rooms, with gardens and pleasure grounds. The Kitchingman family for upward of ten years were carried from this hall by torchlight to be interred in the choir of St. Peter's church in Leeds. At the interment of any of the family the great chandelier, consisting of thirty-six branches, was always lighted. In the year 1716 Robert Kitchingman died May 7, aged 100 years. He ordered his body to be buried with torchlights at Chapel Allerton. He was interred on May 16, when 100 torches were carried. The room where the body was laid was hung with black, and a velvet pall, with escutcheons, was borne by the elder gentry. The pall-bearers had all scarf, biscuits and rings, the whole company had gloves. Fifty pounds were given among the poor at the chapel yard on the day of the interment. Mary, his wife, died June 28, 1719, aged ninety-seven years, and was interred precisely in the same manner.—"Annals of Yorkshire."

For Black Eyes.

It often happens that people meet with accidents and bruises that cause [illegible] discolorations, from which [illegible] and a little embarrassment [illegible] It is worth while to know that there is a simple remedy [illegible] one quite within the reach of [illegible] Immediately after the accident rub an equal quantity of caoutchouc ammoniac with mucilage made of gum arabic. To this add a few drops of glycerin. The bruised surface should be carefully cleansed and dried, then painted all over with the capsicum preparation. Use a camel's hair brush and allow it to dry, then put on the second or third coat as soon as the first is entirely absorbed. A medical journal is authority for the statement that if this course is pursued immediately after the injury discoloration of the bruised tissue will be wholly prevented. It is also said that this remedy is unequaled as a cure for rheumatism or stiffness of the neck.

The President For a Day Story.

The story that David R. Atchison of Missouri was president for a day started as a joke. Atchison was president of the senate at the expiration of President Polk's term, and the law at that time provided that that official should succeed to the presidency in default of both president and vice president. March 4, 1849, was Sunday, and President Zachary Taylor did not take the oath of office until Monday, March 5. Somebody thereupon started the joke that neither Polk nor Taylor was president during the odd day and that Atchison must have been. But if Taylor could not under the constitution be president until he had taken the oath of office how could Atchison? He did not take the oath either.—St. Louis Republic.

The Word "Tariff."

The word tariff has an interesting origin. It is derived from the Arabic Tarifa, meaning an inventory of fees payable on demand, and became current in the following way: A certain Moorish general, by name Tarifa, seized in the year 710 upon a small seaport some twenty miles from what is now Gibraltar and the southernmost town in Europe. Here he founded a station for levying toll on all craft trading in the neighborhood and bestowed his name upon the place, after the manner of Constantine, Alexander and others. The word came eventually to signify a schedule of charges and passed into the French, Italian and English.

Weird Story of a Chair.

In the museum at Cape Town is shown an old fashioned, high backed wooden chair, to which attaches a weird story. It is related that the chair is the one in which the Dutch governor was found sitting dead a few moments after the execution of a soldier whom he had sentenced to be hanged, and who on his doom being pronounced solemnly called upon his condemner to accompany him to the throne of the Supreme Judge.

"On Satan's Knees."

A little girl of five or so was much puzzled on hearing the lines of the old hymn:

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

"Whatever," she asked, "did they want to sit on Satan's knees for? I'm sure I should not like to sit on Satan's knees at all, and why should he tremble if they were so little?"

From the Irish.

First Citizen—I beg your pardon, sir, but I am a stranger in Dublin. Can you direct me to Grafton street? Second Ditto—With Pleasure. Sure it's the second turn to the right. First Ditto—Thank you, sir. (Walks off.) Second Ditto (calling after him)—Hi! If you're a left handed man it's the other way entirely.—London Globe.

Taking No Chances.

"Perhaps," suggested the waiter, "you would like a Welsh rabbit."

"No," said the austere customer; "I am a vegetarian."

"A Welsh rabbit is made of cheese, you know, sir."

"I know it. As I said before, I am a vegetarian."—Chicago Tribune.

Blackmail.

"Mamma," said five-year-old Margie, "I'll make a bargain with you."

"What kind of a bargain, dear?" asked her mother.

"If you'll give me a penny every day to buy candy with," replied the small diplomat, "I'll not tell any one you have fake teeth."

The One to Be Pleased.

"No," said Peckham, "we never have had a hen at our house any more."

"Why," replied Newitt, "I thought you were very fond of it."

"So I am, but my wife's pet dog won't eat it at all."—Philadelphia Press.

One is never weary of life. One is only tired of oneself.—Carmen Sylva.

Hammers.

Hammers are represented on the monuments of Egypt twenty centuries before our era. They greatly resembled the hammers now in use, save that there were no claws on the back for the extraction of nails. The first hammer was undoubtedly a stone held in the hand. Claw hammers were invented some time during the middle ages. Illuminated manuscripts of the eleventh century represent carpenters with claw hammers. Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic hammer of shipbuilding establishments, some of which weigh as much as fifty tons and have a falling force of from 90 to 100. Every trade has its own hammer and its own way of using it.

Legend of Sambur Lake.

One of the features of Jeypore, in India, is the wonderful Sambur salt lake, concerning which there is a curious legend. The story runs that an old fakir long ago told one of the rajahs that if he wanted to be rich he should ride a horse as far as he could go without once looking back, and the land as far as he could travel would become a field of silver, always provided he did not turn. He rode for thirty miles, and then, curiosity overcoming him, he looked back, with the result that instead of the promised field of silver he found a lake of salt.

THE LIVER QUARANTINE

"TAKING HIS MEALS OUT."

Hurried eating has ruined many a man's stomach. The digestion-destroying process is gradual, often unnoticed at first. But it is only a short time until the liver balks, the digestive organs give way, and almost countless ills assail the man who endeavors to economize time at the expense of his health.

A torpid liver causes a quarantine of the entire system. It locks in the diseased germs and body poisons and affords them full play, inviting some serious illness.

In families where August Flower is used, a sluggish liver and constipation are unknown, so are all stomach ailments, as well as indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, headaches and kidney and blader affections. No well-regulated family should be without this standard remedy.

Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

A Hostess

who does her share of entertaining, wants her house in perfect repair. If she conducts a guest to

The Lavatory

and finds it out of order she is covered with confusion. There isn't any occasion for bad plumbing in this town while we're alive. Call us in and have it fixed right.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. ROBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS.

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

S. LECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM.

TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Potter County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Your own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 5, 1906.

Political Announcement.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

EDITOR MINER:—I am a candidate for member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. If nominated and elected, I will strive to represent our county with fairness to all and to secure only such legislation as will promote the best interests of all. I believe that many reforms are needed in Pennsylvania, and if elected, I will vote to secure and maintain them.

R. F. HAMMOND.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 21, 1906.

N. M. Orr of Kane is a candidate for Member of Assembly, subject to nomination at the Republican primaries.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my candidacy for the office of Representative in the Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at its primaries.

A. J. NORDSTROM.

Port Allegany, Pa., March 6, 1906.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

P. D. OSTRANDER.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 27, 1906.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

A. D. SIMMONS.

State Line Mills, Pa., March 7, 1906.

FOR DELEGATES.

Major Andrew D. Burns, of the city of Bradford, is hereby announced as a candidate for delegate to the next Republican State Convention, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

Hon. John W. Campbell of Kane, is a candidate for delegate to the next Republican State Convention, under the rules of the Republican party.

The announcement of Samuel W. Smith Esq., of Port Allegany, as a candidate for delegate to the next Republican State Convention, is hereby made subject to the usages of the Republican party.

A BAD fire occurred in the office of the Daily Times in Buffalo Tuesday morning. The building was badly damaged. The loss is estimated at $150,000.

THE war department has issued an order permitting Chief Geronimo to sign a contract as an attraction with a Will West show. It is said that his salary will be the largest ever drawn by a single person with such an entertainment. The chief will join the show in two weeks.

IT is persistently rumored that a Bradford man and a Smethportonian are each seriously contemplating asking for the Republican nomination for Members of Assembly. While we are not in position to give their names at the present time we know both to be able men who would undoubtedly make good showings at the polls.

WHILE the coal strike is not nearly so general as was feared enough miners are out in Pennsylvania to seriously inconvenience business in various sections of the State. Efforts are being made by high officials to bring about an amicable settlement of differences between the miners and operators in the independent companies not affected by the strike.

DOWIE is down and out. At a recent meeting of his followers a revolt took place and as a result John Alexander Dowie, alias Elijah No. 2, is shorn of all power. He is charged with mismanagement of the affairs of Zion church and his days of influence are over. It is generally believed that the fallen idol will make a fight to recover his lost power. If he does, the matters will be brought into court.

THERE were violent scenes Monday at the re-opening of the Courriers Coal mine pit No. 4, which had been hermetically closed since March 15, and which is supposed to contain 480 corpses of victims of the explosion of fire damp, says a newspaper dispatch. A report had spread that there were several of the entombed miners still living. Thousands of people gathered at the pit mouth and threatened the descending engineers with death should they fail to rescue the survivers. Women broke through the line of soldiers and crowded to the mouth of the pit, declaring that they would search the mine themselves. The rescue corps in the mine discovered no one living. Women remained about the pit throughout the night.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., March 31, 1906.

For the moment at any rate, the question of the coal strike has taken precedence even of the rate bill discussion. It is not that Washington is any more directly affected than other city in the country, but it is the city where a great many legislators are directly affected by the threatened change in prices. There are two classes of congressmen, one which is affected by a change in prices and one which is not. All congressmen are not rich, strange as it may seem to the outsider. Some are even dead poor and live in boarding houses where they are not directly affected by the change in the price of coal but where they will have the subject dinned into their inner consciousness by the lamentations of their landlady. Others who are not directly affected are at the other end of the social scale and do not particularly care whether coal is four dollars a ton or eight dollars. But there are a great number of representatives and a sprinkling of senators who live in a house of their own and who are affected by a change in the price of household commodities. It is these gentlemen who more than any others will have to do with legislation, if it comes, in connection with the coal situations.

Thus Washington is a good place to look for the cry of the householder to take definite form. Congress has its eye on the stituation in the coal region, and while it is not imminent that legislation nationalizing the fields will be passed or that there will be any other radical move, it is quite possible that Congress will begin to "make motions" that will bring the senseless fight of the operators and the labor unions to an end. The threat to take over the fields and operate them as a government monopoly is probably the form that the first agitation will take. There is no likelihood that this will be done. But it is a play that will appeal to the public, and as soon as the suspension order of April 1st goes into effect, it is a safe guess that some member will be introducing a bill of that sort into the House.

The president has very wisely refused at this time to take any active part in the discussion. He has been appealed to both by the miners and the operators to nominate a commission as he did in the case of the strike two years ago to inquire into the whole question. But the President has said that if he appoints a commission it will have to be one with the power to do things. He had enough of investigation and he thinks that both he and the rest of the country know about the whole of the coal situation. If he appoints a commission, which he has no right in law to do, it must be one to whose findings the miners and the operators pledge themselves to submit.

The commission conclusion is probably what the row will come to. Neither the miners nor the operators dare again to plunge the country into the misery and expense of a prolonged strike. Both sides would be glad to be helped out of their quandary by the action of a commission which they could blame safely for not getting all they had promised their followers they would get. So that is about the outcome that the country may look for, a submission on the part of both employers and employees to the decrees of a commission and then the appointment of the commission by the President with the knowledge that the coal question will be settled for perhaps two years more, leaving coal no more than half a dollar a ton dearer than it was before the threatened strike commenced.

Both the miners and the operators, which is only another name for the coal roads, are squeezing the consumers of the country to the last ounce of fluid in their bodies and they *probably think* if the householders get used to eight dollar coal in the next two years that they can be trained next to pay for nine dollar coal. But there is always the danger in the background that some reckless congressman will spring the proposition to take possession of the coal fields and to make them as much a part of the government service as is the Postoffice and that he will spring it at the psychological moment when the measure will become a law.

It seems while there has been a very general hurrah in the Navy Department over the prospect of this government having the biggest battleship in the world and while most naval officers are in accord with Admiral Dewey and would like to see a 20,000 ton battleship built, there is a current of resistance under the surface and there is a faction in the Department that would prefer to see two 10,000 ton ships in place of the one 20,000 toner. Their line of reasoning is simple. They say that with one immense ship the country is carrying too many eggs in one basket and also to keep up well balanced squadrons the navy must have more battleships to co-operate with the cruisers. This is a question for naval experts and one which naval experts cannot definitely decide but which must be left to the hard and expensive school of experience. The adverse review is given, however, for the sake of keeping up with both sides of the controversy and the matter will ultimately have to be settled on the floor of the House where the majority of members, like the historical Secretary of the Navy, do not know whether or not a battle ship is hollow.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that the trustees of St. Elizabeth's church will let to the lowest bidder the contract for the erection of a church building at the corner of Main and Franklin streets, on April 17, 1906. All bids must be filed on or before noon of said day. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids. Plans and specifications may be seen by calling on Rev. J. F. Dugan, Smethport, Pa., or at Fox's Hardware store, Bradford, Pa.

J. F. DUGAN,
Smethport, Pa., March 28, 1906.

Very Low One Way Settlers' Rates to Minnesota and the Dakotas via the Nickel Plate Road from Buffalo to many points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Manitoba, every Tuesday until April 24th. Write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

For Sale.

"Spring Hill Farm Jerseys" bull calves for sale from 6 to 18 months old. For pedigree and price inquire of E. G. Dusenbury, Portville, N. Y.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Inquire of Mrs. Robt. Hamilton.

Subscribe for the MINER.

SEE THE GROWTH OF THE

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.

NUMBER WRITTEN TO		GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1904	650	$ 4,188.24
January 1, 1905	9,458	11,008.70
April 1, 1905	13,217	49,253.68
July 1, 1905	17,494	87,399.99
August 1, 1905	19,013	100,307.66
September 1, 1905	20,650	118,546.91
October 1, 1905	21,980	138,600.15
November 1, 1905	23,561	158,273.80
December 1, 1905	25,423	182,853.90
January 1, 1906	27,255	222,918.83

Claims Paid to Date, $36,343.00.

IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from $125 to $1,000.
IT PAYS from $5 to $20 per week to Disabled Members.
IT PAYS at Death from $100 to $800, no matter how soon it occurs.
IT PAYS for loss of an eye, arm or leg, from $50 to $400.
IT PAYS for the loss of two members twice the above amount.
IT PAYS you if you live; it pays you if you are sick.
IT PAYS you if you are hurt; it pays the beneficiary if you die.

OUR PLAN:

THE ASSOCIATION ISSUES FOUR CERTIFICATES, NAMELY:

	COST PER MONTH	WEEKLY BENEFIT	PAYMENT AT DEATH	DOUBLE ACCIDENT	SINGLE ACCIDENT	DIVIDEND END 5 YRS.
No. 1	$1.00	$ 5.00	$100.00	$100.00	$ 50.00	$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
No. 3	3.00	15.00	300.00	300.00	150.00	375.00
No. 4	4.00	20.00	400.00	400.00	200.00	500.00

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.

GRAND EASTER OPENING

THURSDAY and FRIDAY, APRIL 5 and 6.

Millinery, Cloaks, Skirts and Ladies' Furnishings

In the spring time a woman's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of dress. The wise woman plans on when, how and where to buy her spring outfit to save money.

We will show you at this opening a larger and better line than ever shown before. Every new and nobby creation in Ladies Pattern Hats.

All the swell new Spring Jackets and Skirts. Latest in Shirt Waists, etc.

YOU ARE INVITED TO CALL.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan 20c

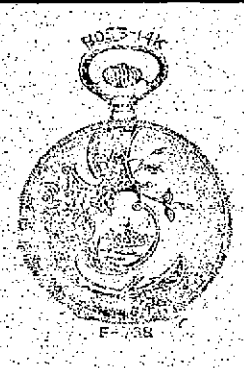
Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cas Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single o double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

New Spring Styles in Shoes, Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

New Spring Shoes and Oxfords for Men.

New Spring Shoes and Oxfords for Ladies.

NEW SPRING SUITINGS.

We have a complete line of the above and owing to the early Spring we are to have it is none too early to order your new Easter Suit. A fit guaranteed with every measure taken.

Spring Hats for Men.

New Shirts for Men

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

ASK TO SEE THE

NEW QUARTERLY

For the first time American women can now stamp their own material, for embroidery and needle work. By the aid of The Ladies Home Journal Transfer Patterns anyone can stamp initials, borders, centerpieces, etc., as easily as ironing a pocket handkerchief.

Remnant Sale of Dress Goods for the next ten days.

Call and get first choice.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

March 20, 1906.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES IN

Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

My Christmas trade was unusually good and I wish to thank the people of this vicinity for their liberal patronage and wish all a Happy New Year. I have a few toys and useful articles which I will sell at or below cost to make a clean sweep of my holiday stock.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

EASTER GOWNS

A complete line of Gowns for Easter and Early Spring.

Now is the time to choose while the assortment of styles and shades is still complete. We make necessary alterations free. Prices $12.50 to $35.00

OXFORDS.

The famous Doris Oxfords.
Popular prices $1.50 to $2.50.

GLOVES.

To go with your Easter Gown. Our assortment is very complete in Silk, Lisle and Hide.

A SHIRT WAIST SPECIAL.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY you can make yourself glad, glad when you see the values we offer.
Don't forget them.

Munnsville Plows

SUPERIOR POINTS

They have speed.
They are adapted to all kinds of soil.
They work easily; a boy can handle them.
They're strong and durable and last for years.
They're made of specially prepared materials.
They're made by people who have been doing nothing else for years but make good plows.

The Munnsville Flat Land No. 1	$14.00
The Munnsville Side Hill, No. 14	12.50
The Munnsville Rough & Ready	10.00

H. H. REDFIELD

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 5, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See the announcement J. Odesser has in this issue.

—Mrs. Bisett is advertising Easter novelties this week.

—The new shoe ad of Anderson & Carlson will interest all.

—The Lindholm Co. have prepared for Easter as their ad to-day tells.

—H. W. Smith of Buffalo has purchased the Goodyear hotel at Austin.

—Work preparatory to excavating for the new St. Elizabeth's church was started this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKean moved into their beautiful residence on Main street this week.

—Fry & Comes have an enlarged ad this week. It tells of Butterfly Skirts and should not be overlooked.

—Mrs. C. B. Corwin entertained the young ladies' 500 club at her home on Mechanic street Tuesday evening.

—The M. E. choir has acquired two new voices, Chas. Gleisner and Chas. Cheeseman. They form a pleasing acquisition.

—On Sunday morning the Rev. W. A. Harris will preach on "The Supreme Miracle," and in the evening the sermon will be "In the Garden of Gethsemane."

—The first base ball game of prominence this season occurred at Philadelphia Tuesday when the Athletics defeated the National league team by a score of 8 to 0.

—Rex Gorton, who located in New York city a few weeks ago, has secured a position as chaffeur for a wealthy New Yorker and has entered upon his new employment.

—John G. Todd and F. F. Riggell, who recently purchased a lease in West Virginia, received word on Monday that a 25-barrel well had just been drilled in on their lease. We congratulate them.

—The lodge of Rebekahs in Smethport will be reorganized and large delegations are expected from Kane and Bradford to-night who will assist in the work. The Kane delegation will return by special train to-night.

—Mrs. Belle N. Doughty of Warren sang a solo at the M. E. church Sunday night. Mrs. Doughty's voice is naturally pure and sympathetic and shows careful training. She was accompanied in her singing by Elmer Klingensmith, the efficient organist of the church.

—St. Luke's church will be decorated on next Sunday with real palms brought from the South. The anthems will be "The Palms," and the new composition of Custance, "The Story of the Cross."

—The L. O. T. M. gave a suprise party for Mrs. John H. Green last Friday evening. Elegant refreshments were served and Mrs. Green was presented with a hand painted sugar and creamer.

—The dwelling house of Enos Carr on Bank street is under quarantine on the account of illness of Mrs. Carr's children with scarlet fever. The disease is in a very mild form and no serious results are anticipated.

—George Covely of Johnsonburg, formerly of East Smethport, is seriously ill with typhoid fever. His brother John, of this place was called to Johnsonburg and upon his return, Tuesday, reported the sufferer in an improved condition.

—"Human Hearts" was the attraction at the Lyceum last night and was witnessed by a small, good natured audience. The company is inferior to the one presenting the drama here on previous occasions, but the performance was nevertheless satisfactory.

—Burt Hewitt, a well known flattener, employed at the Smethport Window Glass company's plant, was operated upon at the Kane hospital Monday night for appendicitis. The operation was successful and it is expected that Mr. Hewitt will rapidly recover his health.

—On Easter Monday, April 16th, the congregation of Elizabeth's church will hold a supper and dance at the Lyceum for the benefit of the new church building fund. A hot chicken supper will begin at 5:30 p. m. and continue until all are served and later dancing will begin. To all who attend a good time is assured.

—This is the season of the year when there should be a general cleaning up around one's premises. The filth and accumulation of winter should be destroyed now before the real warm weather begins. If each resident would do his part all danger of an epidemic would pass away and beside the appearance of our borough would be greatly improved.

—For the first time since the opening of the road not a "wheel turned" on the Shawmut railroad last Sunday. The strike in the soft coal regions was responsible for this state of affairs as no coal was moved. Only an occasional coal train is now run over the road and a number of employees have been laid off. It is said that the big engines used to haul coal trains will be "blanketed" at St. Marys until the settlement of the strike.

—The Potter Democrat has changed its independent political position and will hereafter appear as a straight Democratic weekly.

—Antonio Frucci, Frank Gerardi and Pietro Notaro, the three Warren county Italians who were found guilty of murder in the first degree, were sentenced to death Tuesday. The men will be hanged in the jail yard at Warren at a date to be set by the governor.

—M. C. Caskey, father of H. D. Caskey, editor of the Austin Autograph, died in Buffalo, N. Y., last Friday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. C. Rich. He was about 74 years of age. The sympathy of the craft is extended to Mr. Caskey.

—The interior of the county jail is a model of neatness. Everything about the prison is kept absolutely free from dirt and the inmates look clean and well fed. There is no question but that Sheriff C. W. Mitchell, Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison and Turnkey Michael Welch are the right men for the places.

—The repairs on the Wright House are progressing rapidly. The new bar room was finished last week and on Saturday it was opened to the public. It is a handsome room and the fixtures are of the best. When the other repairs are completed the Wright House will be one of the finest in this section.

—Among those in the city Tuesday evening to attend the production of "The Virginian" were Mrs. H. H. Redfield and two children of Smethport; Mrs. W. L. Hammer of Welch, W. Va., who is visiting in Smethport; Miss Rose McCarthy, James McKenn, W. H. Gallup and Alba Gilfillan of Smethport.—Bradford Era.

—Mrs. Tony Miller of Hazelhurst, nee Miss Mary Strevino of Smethport, was successfully operated upon at the Kane hospital yesterday for tubercular peritonitis. Mrs. Barnett of Kushequa, formerly Miss Genevieve Stickles of East Smethport, was taken to the Kane hospital yesterday where she will be operated upon for appendicitis.

—All of the older citizens of Coudersport and Potter county will remember T. J. Gilbert, who twenty years ago was connected with the local press. Monday Mr. Gilbert returned to Coudersport and accepted the foremanship of the Enterprise office. For some years he has been the editor and manager of the Little Valley Hub.—Potter Enterprise.

—George Perkins, a brakeman employed on a B., R. & P. freight train, met with injuries shortly after noon Tuesday which caused his death at the Ridgway hospital early that evening. Deceased was 27 years of age and his home was at Sabinaneca. He was clinging to the side of a box car when he was struck by a water plug and hurled to the ground.

—That there is very little interest in baseball, is manifested by the fact that there were only a few persons present at the meeting called last Friday evening to arrange for holding a fair for the benefit of the team. If there is not more interest taken the franchise will certainly have to be sold. There will be no trouble in disposing of the same as there are several other towns ready to purchase the franchise.—Kane Republican.

—Smethport Odd Fellows are making extensive preparations for the coming celebration. A recent issue of the Bradford Star says: "Arrangements are being made by the Elk-McKean Odd Fellows' Anniversary Memorial association for the forthcoming celebration of the anniversary of the founding of the Odd Fellows, which will be held in Smethport, April 26. A delegation from Tuna lodge will be in attendance and it is reported that a band of music will accompany the delegation. Rex Wilcox was selected Tuesday evening as a delegate to attend the business meeting, which will be held for the purpose of arranging for the celebration."

Dissolution Notice.

The firm doing business as Carrie Reilly Clark & Co., having been dissolved by mutual consent the business in Smethport will be continued by Mrs. Carrie Clark, who will assume all debts of said firm and collect all monies due the said firm.

MRS. CARRIE CLARK,
MISS M. M. HUBBARD.

Smethport, Pa., March 28, 1906.

Does the little one need new shoes? Try a "Maloney." Lindholm's.

Personal Mention.

Miss Lelia Hackett is visiting in Colegrove.

Dr. F. C. Pierce is visiting Pittsburg this week.

R. C. Sasse of Wellsville is spending the week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Colegrove of Mt. Jewett are in town.

Attorney John Forrest was a visitor in Bradford this week.

Mrs. W. E. Butts of Clermont visited friends in town Tuesday.

E. J. Brasted of Kane was visiting friends in town this week.

Hon. and Mrs. T. F. Richmond visited Bradford Tuesday evening.

Robert Laley of Bradford is visiting relatives in town this week.

Supt. Burdette S. Bayle transacted business in Bradford this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keller of Smethport departed for Utica, Ohio, Monday.

Miss Emma L. Duntley departed for Buffalo Saturday for a visit of several days.

J. C. Backus returned from a business trip to New York and Washington yesterday.

Mrs. H. F. Grabe of Bradford is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hafner.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin returned last Friday from a visit to Geneva, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bradley of Bradford are visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. J. Keir.

Mrs. W. L. Hammer of Welch, W. Va., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin.

Miss Ruth Forrest returned last Friday from a three months' visit to friends in West Virginia.

S. S. Washburn of Galeton was a visitor in town to-day and made this office a pleasant call.

Mrs. H. Bowen and children of Bradford are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus of King street.

Mrs. W. A. Harris returned Saturday from Franklinville, N. Y., where she had attended the funeral of a friend.

Mrs. D. S. McFall and little son are guests of Mrs. McFall's mother, Mrs. T. W. Sweeney of Mill street, this week.

The Rev. J. H. McCandless is on his way North and expects to officiate on Palm Sunday, April 8th, at St. Luke's church.

Mrs. Gordon Studholme and infant child of Port Allegany are visiting Mrs. Studholme's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder.

Mrs. T. H. Partle, Mrs. C. M. Colegrove and Mrs. Wm. Barnett leave to-morrow for a week's visit to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. W. Borst of Weston Mills and Mrs C. Derks of Olean were in town the first of the week and made this office a pleasant call.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford are guests of Mrs. Thamm's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Abbey of East Smethport.

Notice to Dog Owners.

On and after April 1, 1906, all dogs and bitches found within the limits of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, not wearing tags, will be seized and dealt with according to law.

The said tags can be procured from Edgar W. Strong, burgess, at one ($1.00) dollar each.

If you want the best it is a "Korrect" Skirt. Ask Miss Walsh at Lindholm's.

Get a new fur robe at Leinmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

A "Princess" Suit? Yes it came from Lindholm's.

A Daily Occurrence at the Home of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure.

Columbus, Pa., Feb. 5, 1906.

Mr. Phillips:

Dear Sir:—Please send me one bottle of Crocker's Rheumatic Remedy. I got two bottles a short time ago and it is doing me so much good I shall keep on taking it. It is a wonderful medicine for Rheumatism.

Mr. Frank Woodard.

Columbus, Pa., Box 177.

Money order enclosed.

For sale by L. E. Hogarth.

EASTER NOVELTIES

Hand painted Satin Eggs for Easter favors.

Rabbits, Chick, Ducks, Baskets, etc. Natural Fur Rabbits run by clock movement.

THIS STORE is HEADQUARTERS

for all correct novelties.

Be sure and watch for our

EASTER OPENING

next week.

MARY L. BISETT,

City Store.

At MONHEIMER'S

Now Ready

the most stylish and best made line of

Boys and Youths SUITS

ever shown in McKean Co. This is saying a great deal but—come in and be convinced. To introduce this splendid line we will sell them for ONE WEEK ONLY—absolutely without PROFIT to us, which means a saving to you of from 75c to $1.50 on each suit.

We simply want you to get acquainted with our new boys suits—hence this reduction.

Wm. Monheimer.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

BUTTERFLY TAILORED SKIRTS.

If you like decided novelty in skirts look at the New Models we are showing in the "Butterfly" make. There's a vast difference between Skirts and "Butterfly" Skirts—a big difference in design, a very marked difference in quality and workmanship—they possess a grace and beauty which only the highest class tailors can impart.

We have the exclusive agency for these fine skirts because after much searching and comparing we pronounced them the best. Read a brief description of a few models:

$5.00

A Black Panama—nine gores, side pleats and straps.
Gray Suiting—circular cut, box pleats, front sides and back, yoke of bias straps.

$7.50

Gray Suiting—circular cut, double box pleat in back, box pleats and side pleats front and hips bias straps between each pleat.

$7.50

Gray Suiting—two pleats coming together forming a slot seam with side pleat in front, side and back with bias strap between each pleat.

$9.50

Black English Serge—eight gored, two box pleats both front and back and double pleats on each side trimmed with bias straps around hips.

$17.50

White Panama—16 gored box pleats in front, side and back, tucked panel between each pleat.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD.

BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS.

Brick, Cement, Lime, Wall Plaster,

Sewer Pipe, Ruberoid Roofing.

Wagon Repairing, Carriage Painting,

Custom Sawing.

Cash paid for good merchantable logs.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

PRILL BRADFORD, PA. PRILL

PRILL'S Reduction Sale is on. Reducing stock before inventory. Great bargains in every line. Now is the time to buy Diamonds and Watches.

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

THE GHOST OF A CHANCE

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

Copyright, 1905, by P. O. Eastment.

"Everybody else is going," Selina said, with a sigh. "Oh, dear! I wonder why we have to skip all the good times."

"It is in punishment for our uncommitted sins," Bess answered, with a toss of the head. "All our sins must be uncommitted. I'm sure we've been brought up more strictly than ever nuns were. Sometimes when I think over it all I get fairly afraid for us two. We've been so proper from our cradles—we must break out after awhile."

"Hush! Aunt Wilton would have a fit if she heard you," Selina said. "Do you think she was ever young, Bess? I can't fancy her less than sixty and severe, yet I do believe she means only to be kind and really wants us to be happy."

"Yes, in her way, which isn't mine nor anybody else's," Bess broke out passionately. "Her way is to have everything just so 365 days in the year. We have all sorts of material good things—we eat well, sleep well, dress well—but no liberty to get the good of them. How many times did we wear our best frocks last summer? Not once! And it's going to be the same this season. People never ask us to things any more because they know we won't come."

"I don't mind that so much as the flowers. Shouldn't you like, just once, to run riot in the garden, pulling what, ever you liked?"

"You heretic! Aunt Wilton would have serious doubts as to your sanity if she heard that. I think she loves flowers not because they are flowers and beautiful, but because they are her own"—

"The same as her nieces," a deeper voice said from an ambush of lilac hedge. Next minute the hedge shook violently. It was old and gnarly, being a party hedge and therefore beyond Wilton control. The end of the shakings was a young man, slim and merry eyed, who bowed very low to the two young women, then said deprecatingly: "Don't freeze me because I eavesdropped. I know how bad it is, but really this time the end justifies it. I'm a committee of one, self appointed, to find out just why the nicest girls in town stay out of everything."

"Will you listen?" Bess adjured Selina, whose eyes were dancing, though her face was preternaturally grave as she answered: "Everybody overlooks Joe Hartwell's fibs because he fibs so nicely."

Hartwell laughed. His father being Aunt Wilton's lawyer, he knew the Ford girls, Aunt Wilton's nieces, better than anybody in Caswell town. It was a knowledge that ran back to the mud pie period, although the Fords know no more of mud pies and their making than could be gathered from watching him enviously through crannies of the hedge.

Now, for two years he had been wondering how they had escaped their bringing up. Selina, he was sure, was full of mad longings for life and freedom. About Bess he was not so sure. She sang and laughed like a human sunbeam—sang and laughed herself into the deepest depths of his heart. Therefore he resented bitterly her isolation. The sisters would some day inherit Aunt Wilton's more than comfortable fortune. It galled him to think that people would say Bess had married him through lack of other lovers, maybe also that his father had encouraged his client to keep her heiresses so secluded out of regard for the interests of his son. Beyond all that, though, was the rebellion against thus winning by default. How could Bess be sure she really loved him when she had had no chance of measuring him against other lovers?

It was with a hope of giving her that chance he had asked his chum, Dennison, for a month's visit. Dennison was handsome, witty and winning. His coming duly advertised, had set social Caswell all agitter. There were already things planned for all the first fortnight. Selina and Bess had been discussing the most spectacular of them, the lawn party at the old Vernon place. It was to come off by moonlight, aided and abetted by Japanese lanterns. There would be dancing, of course, and supper in the big hall of the deserted mansion. Everybody was to go in costume and masked. Except for that, Selina and Bess might have had faint hopes. But Aunt Wilton's face was flint toward masking. It savored to her so much of acting and the theater.

If Hartwell had known that—but speculation is idle. He looked blank indeed when Selina let him see how the land lay. "And I got it up mostly so you might dance your fill," he said sorrowfully. "How I wish I could wash the slate clean and begin all over! Such a great lark I hoped we might have, and now to think"—

"Such a great lark we will have," cried Bess, springing up and whirling about in front of the garden bench. Hartwell stared at her. Selina looked puzzled. Bess stopped short in her dancing to put her finger on her lip and say, nodding sagely between the words: "Promise not to faint when you see us, Joe. I think we're coming, though we have just the ghost of a chance."

* * * * * * *

The lawn party had to take its full moon on trust. So many clouds sailed in the sky the lantern lights shone all undimmed. The thick, lowery night kept the crowd close about the house. It was big and substantial, and, if the worst came to the worst of rain, dancing could go on inside. True, a few nervous persons said that would hardly do. Of course it was all idle talk. None the less there had been talk of a Vernon ghost.

Two ghosts indeed—those of the Vernon twin sisters, who had loved the same sweetheart and had refused to marry him out of regard for the other. They had lived to a great age, fading and falling at last like withered roses there in the family mansion. They had been dead twenty years, with none but good words to follow them. If they did not sleep peacefully in their sunny graves, then were pure lives and good deeds vain. Notwithstanding there was the talk, now one, now another glimpsed them walking hand in hand up the broad stairway or flitting at dusk through the overgrown rose garden.

Dennison heard all this avidly. He liked whatever was old world and unusual. Perhaps that was why, when the rain at last sent everybody scurrying within, he drew a little apart from the merrymakers and stood staring up the dim vista of the great stairway. And thus he was the first to see twin wraiths, slim and girlish, floating rather than walking, glide out of the upper dusk and, linking arms, fall into the swing of a waltz. They were all in vaporous white—swirls of it covered them from head to foot. They kept perfect time and moved so in unison it was like the rhythm of one soul rather than two.

Dennison felt his heart beat faster. All the rest had accepted the veiled dancers as but new come maskers. He nodded toward them, saying in Hartwell's ear: "Don't you hate monopoly? Let's break that one up."

They in hurried whispers he told what he had seen. Hartwell suppressed a whistle, then said with a quick breath: "I'll go you. Take the taller one"—

"No; I'm going to dance with the other. Ghostlike masqueraders don't demand formal presentation." Dennison whispered back as he shot out to intercept the whirling visions. In a wink he had his chosen one fast, and Hartwell perforce took the other. Together they made the round of the long hall—not once, but many times, the ghost dancers moving so lightly they did not even breathe more quickly, although their mortal partners at last were panting.

"How did you think of it? How dared you do it?" Hartwell asked as he whirled and wheeled. The wraith in his arms answered evenly: "We've been doing it this long time. It was a sort of outlet. Selina first thought of it after we had found the lost key to the big gate, but she never would have had the courage to do it if I had not egged her on. She wouldn't dare be here tonight if I had let her think. We have always gone home before 9 o'clock and climbed in by the library window. This time we shall have to be ghosts until morning. We can get in on the heels of the milkman, and of course we shall run away before unmasking time. What would Aunt Wilton say if anybody told her we had been here?"

"Probably disinherit you. I should like that," Hartwell returned. "Then you wouldn't think, you couldn't, I am fortune hunting when I say I love you!"—

What more he might have said nobody knows. Just then there came wild cries of fire and after them general panic. Despite the pouring rain, helped by the raging wind, the old house burned like tinder. Hartwell had for a moment left Bess. When he looked for her he saw two vapory creatures fleeing up the stairway.

Bess and Selina, madly bent on avoiding discovery, meant to vanish that way and escape up the back stairs by which they had come. A wall of flame blocked them. As they ran back from it they heard a shout: "Stand still! We are coming!" Then, up the long main stair, came Hartwell and Dennison, to rush down half a minute later through licking flames, each with a girl's inanimate figure crushed against his breast.

Right there was settled the question of a double wedding. Even Aunt Wilton insisted on it. Her nieces, she said, needed stronger guardians. Both matches have turned out to be ideal, so much so that Hartwell and Dennison say they shudder to think they gained such happiness by barely the ghost of a chance.

Shopping in Shanghai.

It must be lots of fun to go shopping in China. Here is the Shanghai Times, for example, with a dry goods advertisement that is well calculated to make any frequenter of the bargain counter wild to rush into action. It tells how various kinds of goods are going to be sold at sacrifice prices. You can understand in a minute that this particular store must have been swamped with custom when the Chinese bargain hunters read about the things that were marked way down.

Among the shirtings we notice the following varieties of attractive goods: Gold sun, Sing Sing soldier man, five sister, nine old man, eighteen student, painted three ladies, Chin Chin New Year, red emperor's birthday, brave soldier, blue four sister. Two squirrels jeans were going at an awful sacrifice. As for white goods, look as this list: Painted Buddha, painted grandfather, red double lighthouse, green three student. Black goods were offered at prices that would simply compel you to buy some of these: Three rabbit, joss birthday, Tin Chan's marriage, two war hammer, stag and monkey, teacher son, autumn festival, flower basket.

It just shows what bargains may be picked up if one will only keep one's eyes open.—Minneapolis Journal.

PISO'S CURE FOR

25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS 25 CTS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

STORY OF THE GLOVE

IT REACHES BACK INTO THE MOST REMOTE AGES.

Customs of Different Times In Which Gloves Figured—The Ancient Legal Abuse From Which Was Coined the Phrase "Glove Money."

Gloves are now worn indiscriminately by rich and poor and have no special significance excepting as a completing article of the toilet. The antiquity of gloves reaches into remote ages. As early as in the reign of Robert III. glove manufacturers were incorporated by charter in Perth, a guild being then established that still exists in name, although the town is not devoted now to the manufacture of gloves as a leading article of commerce.

A glovers' company was established in London in 1464, but was not chartered until 1683. In 1661 a company for the manufacture and sale of gloves was incorporated in Worcester, England, where the trade flourishes at the present time, the famous English "dogskin," made really from Cape sheepskin, and of a warm tan color, being unapproached in excellence by any other makers.

Paris is a glove market for the whole world. In the Swiss mountains kids are raised especially for this industry, and great pains are taken to have the animals killed while the skin is fine and soft. Tanneries at Millau, Annonay, Paris and Grenoble prepare them for the stitchers. But there are not enough kids raised in France to supply the great demand for gloves, and the gamins of Paris find steady and profitable employment catching rats at the mouths of the great drains of the city to eke out the trade. Dogs and even cats contribute also, though supplying an inferior article of kid.

In ancient days a glove represented a contract or pledge, a substitute for the hand, being cast down by one contracting party to be taken up by the other. It also represented a challenge, to throw down the glove often being an invitation to mortal combat. At the same time to give an enemy a glove in a public manner was a pledge of faith, to break which was regarded as a crime. The borderers of Scotland were so particular about this use of the glove that when one of their knights broke faith with his glove keeper they proclaimed his perfidy by riding to appointment holding aloft a spear, from the point of which the dishonored glove dangled. And if the knight was slain by his own clan it was conceded to be a righteous punishment.

A fur lined glove worn by Henry VI. is preserved in an old mansion that gave him shelter after the battle of Hexham, 1464. It is of tan leather lined with deerskin with the hair on and turned over to form a cuff.

It is recorded of unfortunate Anne Boleyn that she possessed many pairs of extravagant gloves and would always wear them to hide certain blemishes on her nails which offended the eye of the king. Her royal predecessor used to delight in making her play cards without them, as it was sure to result in her discomfiture.

Queen Elizabeth took much pride in her gloves and made an entry in her book of expenses of "one payr of gloves embraced with gold," which she sent as a gift to her sister Mary. She also regarded the fact of receiving "ten payr of Spanish she gloves from a duches in Smyrne."

It has been customary for gentlemen to remove the right hand glove when shaking hands with a lady. This custom descended from an ancient one which forbade any one to enter the presence of royalty in gloves, because visitors were to stand unarmed, with the helmet off the head, the gauntlets off the hands, to show that there were no hostile intentions.

Biting the glove is looked upon with disfavor as an unpleasant habit, but it had once a deeper meaning—a pledge of deadly vengeance.

Stern Rutherford but little said,
But bit his glove and shook his head.

Thus wrote Sir Walter Scott in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

It was considered no crime for lawyers and special pleaders to take the bribe of a pair of gloves, and the custom did not fall into disfavor until the gloves were "lined" with coin, which gained the name of "glove money." To this ancient custom can be traced the present habit of presenting gloves to the guests at weddings or funerals.

Gloves were first worn by the clergy to symbolize that their hands were clean and not open to bribes.

Both the old and the modern poets have written tender verses to this capricious article of feminine attire.

"Send me a glove you have lately worn, and I will tell your characteristics," was the way in which an advertisement was worded a number of years ago. Incidentally a fee of $1 was mentioned in consideration, but the people who were enticed into sending their dollars were more than satisfied with the result. The glove reader told them the most wonderful things about themselves—the color of the eyes and hair, peculiarities of disposition and many other things. Gloves tell tales and carry individuality, as does a favorite perfume used by the wearer.—New York News.

Proud of His Complaint.

"I understand Jenks is suffering with neumatism."

"He has it, but isn't suffering."

"What do you mean?"

"He's proud and happy. The doctor says it's gout."

Good and Bad.

She—Why do so many men go to the bad? He—In their eagerness to be known as good fellows.—Philadelphia Record.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

SYSTEMS OF WRITING.

The Famous So-Called Known as the Boustrophedon.

About the [illegible] B. C. the Ionians first introduced [illegible] system of writing from left to right. Previous to that time all scribes and penmen in general had been in the habit of beginning the line on the right hand side of the page and running it toward the left. The introduction of the left to right mode of writing caused considerable confusion for a time, and from the mixed systems which prevailed during the following century sprang the famed method known as the boustrophedon. Those who used the system last mentioned would begin a line at the left margin of their parchments and run it through to the opposite margin and then drop a space below and run back to the opposite edge of the sheet again. In other words, the boustrophedon mode of writing was a system in which the lines ran alternately from left to right and from right to left. This system did not entirely disappear until about the time of Christ. The ancient Hebrew and Greek languages were written from right to left, but at about the time the Ionians were reforming writing methods the Greek letters were changed in form from the uncial to the cursive, and the system of writing was changed in both cases so as to run from left to right. The following quotation from Franklin illustrates the mixed, or boustrophedon, system of writing:

"When I see a merchant overpolite to a clerk or neat gringed gremolsue sih little brandy and throwing his goods on ni sah nim taht I skniht retnuoc eht ax to grind."—St. Louis Republic.

SHOE NAILS.

The Way They Are Made and Why They Are So Cheap.

Three million separate shoe nails are often cast from one ton of metal. Of the smaller sizes 2,000 nails are molded in a single mold, and an expert workman will make eighty molds in an ordinary working day, thus turning out 160,000 separate nails.

When the metal in a liquid state is poured into the mold it runs through the sand in passages provided in the molding process; the whole of the nails are cast together and are, when removed from the sand, connected by a network of iron one with another. In this condition the iron is as brittle as glass, and very little force is required to separate the nails from the network which holds them together.

They then have to undergo the process known as annealing. They are mixed up with hematite iron ore, which is in a powdered state, put into iron pots, and placed in an annealing furnace, a sort of kiln. Here they remain for some days, care being taken to so regulate the heat to which they are subjected that the iron will not be remelted, but brought very nearly to that condition. The action of the raw iron ore upon the brittle casting is marvelous. After cooling, it can be bent without risk of breaking, and it becomes a useful and serviceable article.—London Express.

Buttons.

It is only in comparatively modern times that buttons have been utilized as fasteners. The Greeks and Romans knew nothing of them, and though they presented themselves as ornaments in the fourteenth century buttonholes were still an undreamed of possibility. It was not until nearly the middle of the eighteenth century that the manufacture of steel buttons was entered upon at the Soho works in Birmingham, England. Then, on the accession of George III. the gilt buttons appeared and became quite the rogue. But it was reserved for the artisans of our day to make these useful fasteners in the greatest variety at marvelously low prices and out of all sorts of material, even to the seemingly impossible potato.

Black Snakes.

I have never seen black snakes over seven feet long and much doubt it they grow to a greater length. They are not hard to catch, though in an open field they can run almost as fast as a man can. When caught, they struggle desperately until they find there is no opportunity to escape, when they will give up fighting and may be handled with impunity. I have never found these snakes to be vicious. They can be handled easily, and their bite is harmless. They can squeeze pretty hard if they get a turn around your waist, but not hard enough to break a bone.—Forest and Stream.

The Calm Spirit.

The people in all lines of duty who do the most work are the calmest, most unhurried people in the community. Duties never wildly chase each other in their lives. One task never turns another out nor ever compels hurried, and therefore imperfect, doing. The calm spirit works methodically, doing one thing at a time and doing it well, and it therefore works swiftly, though never appearing to be in haste.—Home Notes.

Hardly That.

Miss Plane—The very day I first met him something told he would eventually fall in love with me. Miss Speltz—Indeed? The "something" wasn't your mirror, dear, was it?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Obeying Orders.

Kind Lady—Ah, if you had only done what your mother told you, you might not be in this situation. Convict—I don't know. She told me to go out into the world and make money.

He is the happiest of whom the world says least, good or bad.—Jefferson.

Novelty Restaurant

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

THE SHOW WINDOW.

Don't neglect the upper part of the window.

Don't stick to one style of trimming. Branch out.

Don't skimp on elbow grease in cleaning the glass.

Don't wait till a trim is fly specked before changing it.

Don't overlook the utility of a certain number of fixtures.

Don't be afraid to try something new in the way of display.

Don't fill a sunny window with goods that the sun will discolor.

Don't let the window stand too long. A week is about the limit.

Don't be afraid to spend a little money on the trim. It will come back.

Don't fail to call the local newspaper's attention to each big trim you make.

Don't [illegible] the goods [illegible] the price [illegible]

Don't [illegible] clean [illegible] being open to the criticism of employes.—Exchange.

A Wonderful Faculty of the Triton.

The triton, a [illegible] amphibian, has the [illegible] power of reproducing [illegible] parts. Recently, the great French naturalist, Perrier, experimented on the little creatures by amputating their legs and tails and by so doing found that their powers of reproduction were almost unlimited. In one instance an amputated leg was reproduced twelve times in three years, and in another an eye was gouged out and reproduced in less than twelve months. The loss of a tail does not appear to discommode a triton except to give him a sort of unbalanced gait. Tails clipped from the specimens Bonnet kept to experiment on were invariably reproduced in from five to nine weeks.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant-Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—[illegible] Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—Joseph W. Dunlap, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. D. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engerson, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKeon.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Kapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. U. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, secy.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. S. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 195, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work in third degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 247, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 242, meets the Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIREE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evenings at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE R. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Mondays, Warrior's degree and Mondays, Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Pastor, Mass at 11 a. m. Service, at 12:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD.

Time Table—Taking effect Jan. 1, 1905

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10a m week days.

For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 4:03 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at

7:40 a m for Bradford and Kane via B R & P and Punxsutawney via B R & P.

9:25a m for Bradford via B R & P.

11:35 a m for Bradford via B R & P, and Pittsburg via B R & P.

2:55 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & P and Buffalo B R & P.

4:00 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & P and DuBois via B R & P.

5:07 p m for Bradford via B R & P.

Trains arrive at Smethport at

8:45 a m from Bradford and Kane.

10:35 a m from Buffalo.

12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.

3:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg.

5:35 p m from Bradford.

9:45 p m from Punxsutawney and Kane.

C. H. G. EASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:40 a. m., 12:00 n. m. and 5:15 p. m.

	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive Bradford	9:20		6:35
Mt. Jewett	8:35	1:35	6:15
Kane	9:25	2:25	6:55
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:00		4:25
Kane	7:50	10:15	5:20
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:26	5:06
	a. m.		

Arriving at Smethport at 8:45 a. m., 1:35 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Supt. R. S. BULLER, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern

Effective Nov. 26, 1905

MAIN LINE

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
6:05	8:14L	Hornellsville	Ar.	10:35	5:00	
6:30	8:26	Arkport		9:25	4:48	
		Burns				
6:47	8:35	Horneilsville Jc		9:11	4:37	
6:51	8:42	Canerserago		9:07	4:30	
6:59	8:48	Garwoods		9:00	4:25	
7:10	8:59	Wayland		8:48	4:10	
7:18	9:07	Birdsall		8:39	4:01	
7:30	9:20	Angelica		8:26	3:48	
8:22	10:12	Friendship		7:37	3:05	
8:34	10:45	Bolivar	Lv.	7:05	2:30	
8:40	11:05	Olean			2:02	10:23
9:27		Eldred				9:30
9:50		Larabee				9:08
7:18		Smethport				9:02
8:09		Mt. Jewett				8:10
9:00	6:23	St. Marys			4:45	6:50
	10:07	Shawmut			3:11	
	10:52	Brockwayville			1:60	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
5:30	11:00	7:10L	Wayland	A 10:35	3:02	6:55
5:05	11:30	7:25	Perkinsville	10:20	2:50	6:52
5:56	12:13	7:52	Rogersville	10:02	2:40	6:45
6:17	12:37	7:20	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:35	6:31
4:00	11:30	7:40	Hornellsville Jc	10:00	2:35	6:20
			Burns			
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:53	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:06A	Hornellsville	10:41	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.

L—leaves; A—arrives; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa. G. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

QUIDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	Lv Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M
8.05	7.25	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.10
7.46	"	1.57	Carpenter	"	2.34	"
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New Ed June	7.37	2.42	9.32
"	"	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	"
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.45
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bridges	8.00	3.00	10.01
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Brinks	8.12	3.17	10.26
6.25	"	1.05	N. Coudersport	"	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.26	6.00	1.20
"	"	12.13	Hammond	"	"	"
4.05	7.38	12.00	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	"	11.50	Knowlton	"	6.17	"
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	"	11.41	Coleman	"	6.34	"
3.20	"	"	Chem. Works	"	"	"
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

"—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE

NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it a circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.75.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Valadon's Special

By CONRAD HAUSSMAN

Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

"I say," cried Billy, "wait for a fellow! My remittance will be along in a couple of days, and we can all go east together."

Mabel Brockman laughed. "You're twenty-nine, aren't you, Billy?" she asked irrelevantly.

"In February," assented Valadon.

"And you have to wait until your papa sends you money? I don't think you even call him 'father,' do you?"

Valadon looked hurt. "You are always itt me to go to work," he frowned. "I don't see why I should have to with the governor so disgustingly rich."

"How much money have you?" she asked. Somehow her conversation this morning on the Coronado beach was most uncertain.

"Enough to pay my bills and get up to San Francisco."

"Then you will have to wait until some one sends you the money to get home on. I don't think you are worth waiting for, Billy."

"You might at least be nice this last day," he said shortly. "Let's talk *about something else.*"

Two days later Valadon stood on the wharf at Oakland. Miss Brockman stood by the sleeper in which she and her mother were to make the trip east.

"I may see you sooner than you expect," he said, with a smile.

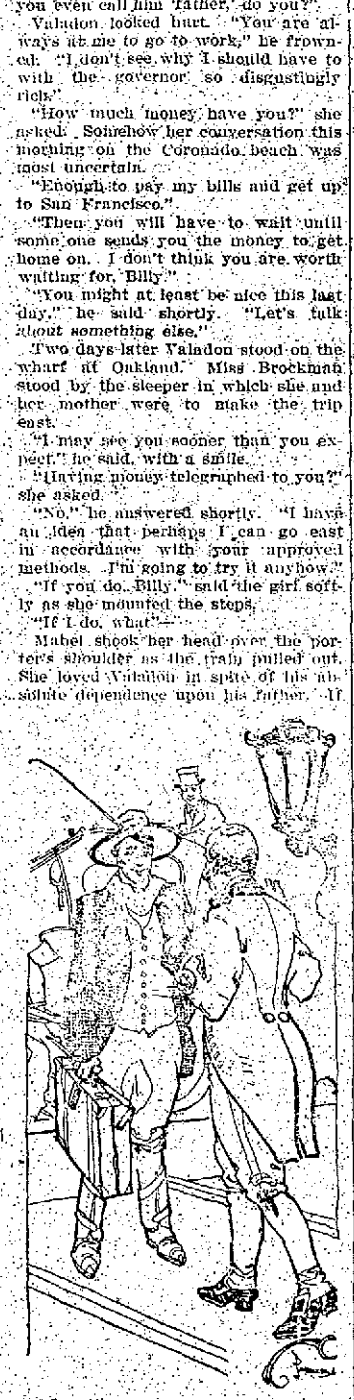
"Having money telegraphed to you?" she asked.

"No," he answered shortly. "I have an idea that perhaps I can go east in accordance with your approved methods. I'm going to try it anyhow."

"If you do, Billy," said the girl softly as she mounted the steps.

"If I do, what"—

Mabel shook her head over the porter's shoulder as the train pulled out. She loved Valadon in spite of his absolute dependence upon his father. If she could rouse him to action— She smiled to herself as the train rolled along the water front and permitted a last glimpse of the bay.



A TIRED AND DIRTY BUT CHEERFUL YOUNG MAN DROVE UP.

Valadon took the boat back to the city, but instead of returning to the hotel he went to the Barbary Coast. In one of the dives sat a party of men, rough, uncouth, and with a most evident smell of the stable about them. Billy went up to the leader.

"I'm ready now," he said.

"Stow the glad rags," commanded the other, "and come back here in half an hour. We don't want silk hats around."

Before the end of the half hour the silk hat and frock coat had been metamorphosed into a cloth cap and a pea jacket, and Billy was $5 richer.

The leader marshaled the gang, and an hour later Billy was back in Oakland, but this time in the freight yards.

He clung to a handsome leather suitcase, but this time it carried only necessities, and his baggage was augmented by a soup box containing a whole boiled ham, ten pounds of corned beef, six loaves of bread, a hunk of cheese and a bottle of pickles. There was also a two quart pail, which, it was explained, was to be filled with coffee when they made their day stops.

On the track before him was a train of twelve yellow cars, at the head of which panted a huge engine. Billy climbed into the third car and deposited his belongings in a corner. There was much hoarse shouting, a blast from a whistle and a jolt as the train pulled out, and the first section of the horse special was under way.

Billy's fellow passengers in the car were another hostler and twelve thoroughbreds being hurried east to the big winter sale. The stalls took up most of the room, but there was a tiny space for the two men at opposite ends of the *car and room enough to sleep in if one* should be very tired.

Men from the ranch had accompanied the train as far as San Francisco and had fed the horses before the train had pulled out. The only thing to be done during the night was to quiet any horse that might become restless, and at 12 he could go to sleep and turn the watch over to his fellow.

Because Billy had paid over to the foreman $10 in addition to the pay he had him he was given a car in which the travelers were experienced tourists, racers of the western circuit being sent east to be sold as hunters, and it was not a difficult matter to keep them quiet.

When the train stopped he could hear the yearlings in the cars behind stomping about, and he was glad that he had been given a quiet car.

Even as it was he was kept busy, and sleep came quickly to tired eyes in spite of the novelty of his surroundings and the fact that his head was pillowed upon a wisp of hay spread over the grub box, through which the smell of cold ham filtered.

There was plenty of work in the morning, too, feeding and watering six horses and rubbing them down, and he was glad enough when the train slowed down and the welcome shout of "Coffee!" echoed along the line.

There was a full quart of the laffy colored liquid in each can, and with that and bread and ham Billy made a breakfast that would have surprised the attendants at his favorite club.

By the time the next stop came he had his stalls cared for, and the fresh coffee came as a welcome reviver. He had wondered at the announcement that there would be coffee at frequent stops, but the day was not half over before he realized that it was needed.

Five days later a tired and dirty but exceedingly cheerful young man drove up to the door of the Valadon residence on Fifth avenue just as the head of that house was sitting down to his breakfast. It required an argument with a new footman to convince him that the caller was not required to go to the side entrance, but at his voice the elder Valadon came running into the hall.

"Bless my soul," he puffed after Billy had told his tale in brief. "Didn't you get my check?"

Billy thrust a paper into his hand. "It came the day I left," he said, "but it sort of spoiled the idea, and I pretended that I did not get it. Now I want a bath and breakfast, and then I want to see if I cannot go down to the station in time to meet the Brockmans.

The Chicago express was three hours late when it puffed into the huge arched shed and Miss Brockman was in no amiable frame of mind as she descended to the platform. There had been delay, and six days on the train even in a stateroom is not pleasant.

For a moment she stared as a well groomed young man possessed himself of her hand bag and turned to help her mother down the steps, and it was not until they had headed for the ferry that she found her voice.

"How did you get here so quickly?" she demanded.

"I came the northern way," he explained, "and I had a special."

Miss Brockman turned away to hide her disappointment. "I might have known you would do something like that," said she coldly. "I suppose that you wired for money."

"There was a check at the hotel when I got to San Francisco," he explained wickedly. "I had it in my pocket when I said goodby to you in Oakland. I thought you would like a surprise."

"It was not a surprise. It was the expected," she corrected. "I had hoped my sermon had sunk in."

He made no explanations until they were in the carriage which had waited at Twenty-third street. Then Billy leaned forward.

"I should have explained," he began, "that the special was for the Orn ranch horses for the sale at the garden. I was a hostler, and I brought the check back with me."

She leaned forward and kissed him, to the surprise of her mother.

"Billy," she cried impulsively, "you may take that check and buy me a solitaire with it!"

A Cat Dilemma.

A babu in charge of the documents of a certain town in India found that they were being seriously damaged by rats. He wrote to the government to *provide him with weekly rations for* two cats to destroy the rats. The request was granted, and the two cats were installed, one, the larger of the two, receiving slightly better rations than the other. All went well for a few weeks, when the supreme government of India received the following dispatch: "I have the honor to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?" The problem seemed to baffle the supreme government, for the babu received no answer. After waiting a few days he sent off a proposal: "In re absentee cat. I propose to promote the junior cat and in the meantime to take into government service a probationer cat *on full rations.*" The supreme government expressed its approval of the scheme, and things once more ran smoothly in that department.

Heating Buildings.

There is ample evidence to prove that the rational heating of buildings was a well understood art several thousand years ago. In the palmy days of Pompeii's early existence, before its burial under volcanic ashes, the old Roman baths in that town were heated by steam and in a better and far more scientific manner than is followed at the present time. The walls of the buildings were double, and the steam, at atmospheric pressure, no doubt, was carried up through these walls all around the rooms to be warmed, bringing them to a temperature approximating that of the steam, and the occupants of the room were thus exposed to a radiation of warmth from all directions. In this we have the true theory of heating.

SAVED THE LANDS.

How De Cosmus' Great Speech Happened to Be Delivered.

The longest speech on record is believed to have been that made by Mr. de Cosmus in the legislature of British Columbia when a measure was pending the passage of which would have taken from a great many settlers their lands. De Cosmus was in a minority. The measure had been held back till the eve of the close of the season or session. Unless action was taken before noon of a given day the act would fail. De Cosmus got the floor at 10 a. m. and began a speech against the bill. Its friends supposed he would be done by 1 o'clock. At 2 o'clock he was saying, "In the second place." At 3 he produced a fearful bundle of evidence and insisted on reading it.

Then the truth dawned. He was going to speak till noon the next day and kill the bill. Then they made merry over it and tried to shout him down, but that gave him time and breathing space. They finally settled down to watch the combat between the strength of will and weakness of body. They gave no mercy, no time for dinner or wetting lips with water and no sitting down. Members went to dine and sleep in squads, but De Cosmus went on. Day dawned.

The speaker was alternately dozing and trying to look wide awake. At last noon came, and a single man was triumphant. Although his voice had sunk to a husky whisper, his eyes were bleared and bloodshot, his legs tottered under him, his baked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. De Cosmus had spoken for twenty-six hours and saved the lands.

THE BANANA PLANT.

Each Tree Produces Only One Bunch of the Fruit.

The banana plant is not properly a tree at all. It has no woody fiber. It is a large, green, fleshy plant, with big leaves six or eight feet long and sometimes two feet broad. It grows to a height of ten to fourteen feet or even more, according to the variety of plant and the soil and climate. Each tree produces one bunch of fruit only, which is really the terminal bud of the plant, just like an ear of wheat or barley. It has no branches, and when the fruit is ready, which is twelve or fifteen months from the date of planting, the tree is cut down and done with.

But while it is growing up and maturing its fruit it is at the same time sending up from its roots other young plants or suckers—perhaps eight or nine of them. Each of these will produce its own bunch in turn, some of them in a couple of months after the parent plant, and there will thus be a regular succession of fruit. Many of these suckers have to be dug up and planted elsewhere, or they would be too thick on the ground.

And there is this peculiarity about the banana: You can plant it at any season, and the fruit ripens all the year round. When once a banana field has been planted out, all that is necessary to be done is to keep it clear of weeds and keep thinning out the multiplying suckers.

A Curious Wooden Watch.

The most curious timekeeper perhaps that has ever been made in this country was the work of one Victor Doriot, who lived at Bristol, Tenn., in the last century. This horological oddity was nothing more or less than a wooden watch. The case was made of brier root, and the inside works—all except three of the main wheels and the springs, which were of metal—were made from a piece of an old boxwood rule. The face, which was polished until it looked like a slab of finest ivory, was made from the shoulder blade of an old cow that had been killed by the cars. "Doriot's queer watch," as it was called, was an open faced affair, with a glass crystal, and was pronounced an elegant piece of workmanship by all the watchmakers in east Tennessee.

A Wonderful Memory.

Hortensius, the great Roman lawyer and orator, had a memory of extraordinary scope and tenacity. After composing a speech or oration he could repeat it word for word exactly as he had prepared it. On one occasion he went to an auction, where the business was carried on during an entire day, and at evening, for a wager, he wrote down a list of the articles that had been sold and the prices, together with the names of the purchasers, in the order in which the purchases had been made.

Linnets In Africa.

Dr. Arthur J. Hayes in his "The Source of the Blue Nile" tells how the linnets come to drink out of the Athara river: "They come with an undulating rush, and, small as they are, the rushing of the wind as they beat the air makes a noise like thunder, and their numbers darken the sky. The weight of the throngs of them which alight at a time bends down the ends of the overhanging branches and twigs to the level of the water."

Practical.

"Why do you teach your children to recite and sing?"

"Well," answered the practical woman, "there has to be some way of *starting people who come to see you* and forget when it's time to go home."—Washington Star.

The Best Proof.

"That surgeon, they say, has a remarkable touch."

"He has. If you don't believe it, I'll show you his bill for my operation."—Baltimore American.

DOTS AND SPACES

By SHERWOOD BOYD

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Truesdell looked eagerly from the platform of the sleeper as the long train pulled into the station.

There, by the baggage truck, stood his father, soldierly, gray haired and eager to welcome his son. Back in the crowd were a dozen familiar faces, but the one he most anxiously sought was not to be seen.

"Where's Margie?" he asked when all greetings had been exchanged and at last he was free to fall into step with his father and go up the familiar street. He tried to speak carelessly, but his father caught the note of anxiety in his tones and sighed.

"I think she did not know you were coming," he said gently. "She doesn't come over to the house as she used to. Perhaps the attraction was removed," he added, with a poor little attempt at a joke. But it was a jest of the voice, not the heart, and he wondered how he might break to this big boy, of whom he was so proud, the fact that his little playmate had not only kept away from them, but that it was common report that she was engaged to George Colson.

"I should think," said Truesdell, "that she might have at least answered my letters. I telegraphed my address just before we sailed, and I wrote by almost every steamer."

"Marjorie has been away, Dick," said his father. "Perhaps she did not get your letters."

"Nonsense. She must have had some of them," declared Dick. "There she is now." And before the father could lay a detaining hand upon his arm Dick Truesdell had dropped his bag and dashed across the narrow street.

He paused dumbly as the girl passed with a most chilling nod and then, with slow step, retraced his way. The elder man put out his hand, and Dick grasped it and wrung it with a grip that meant more than words. It was the way they had come away from his mother's grave, hand in hand, only now it was the old man who led his son, not the son consoling the father.

Dick picked up his valise, and the two went up the street. They had almost reached the old home before the father spoke.

"I wanted to wait until we got home, Dick," he said, with a touch of wistfulness in his tones. "I thought Marjorie was still away and that I could tell you better in the house. Marjorie is going a great deal with George Colson. She never comes near me now. I have tried to find out what the trouble is, but she only says that I should know as well as she."

"It will come out all right," said the boy, with a brave effort at cheerfulness. "At any rate, we shan't let it spoil the homecoming, shall we?" He linked his arm affectionately through his father's, and they turned in at the familiar gateway and went up the gravel walk to the house.

That night as Dick stood before the mirror in his own little room the motto his mother had put over the glass when he had come home from college caught his eye. It was simply, "Look before you leap," one of those printed texts *for framing, but now it seemed almost* like a message from the dead, and he put out the light and jumped into bed with a braver heart.

"I shan't leap to the conclusion that I've lost Margie until I've looked into the thing," he said to himself, and the thought brought sleep to eyes that might not have closed save for that promise.

But it was easier to declare than to execute, and it was almost a week before Dick saw Marjorie. Letters had been returned unanswered, and on the few occasions he had seen her on the street she had been with friends. At last one afternoon as he was coming down the street she fairly ran into him in the growing dusk.

She began to murmur an apology before she saw who it was, and by that time Dick had her arm.

"I want to know just what the trouble is," he said commandingly. "If you don't love me I'll not bother you again, but if it's something that can be explained let's have it over with. Perhaps there is an excuse."

"Your affront was inexcusable," she said coldly. "I desire no explanation."

"I insist upon one," he said quietly, but with a new note of mastery in his voice. She recognized the tone and shivered a little.

"Of course," she said, "I can't run away from you if you insist upon holding on to me this way, but"—

"I am glad to see you are convinced of that," he said softly. "I am not going to let you run away from me now or ever. There is some mistake somewhere, and I'll have the truth."

"There could be no mistake," she said. "The matter was entirely too clear to admit of explanation. I can't see why you should desire explanations, be friends with me when you have Marie."

"I don't want to be friends with you," he disclaimed. "I want to be your husband, and I don't remember any Marie that figures in this story."

"Doubtless you forget your traveling companion," she retorted.

"You mean Marie Gorman," he laughed. "I wonder who told you about that. Besides, she was Bennett's friend. His sister used to go to school with her or something."

"Very ingenious," sneered Marjorie, "but I fail to see that that explains anything. The fact that she was an acquaintance of Mr. Bennett does not excuse your going all over Europe with her."

"Now you are wrong," he said evenly. "We didn't go all over Europe together. We ran down to Switzerland and the Riviera, then they went to the south for the winter, and we went on to Denmark."

"Who are 'they' and 'we?'" she demanded. "It is a little puzzling to keep track of your conversation."

"'We,' Bennett and myself; 'they,' the Gormans and the Crofts. We ran into them in London."

"I am no child to be told tales," she said bitterly. "I did hope that there might be some explanation I could accept, but you have made it impossible. After that telegram in which you declare that you are going abroad with Miss Gorman your explanation that you met them in London is an affront to my intelligence."

"I should like to see that telegram," he said. "It's the first I have heard of it."

"I still have it," she said. "If you think to get out of it by denying sending it you are mistaken. I kept it."

She led the way into the house, and he followed into the parlor. It gave him a pang as he remembered the pleasant evenings spent there and thought how close he was to losing it all, but he sprang up when she entered with a lamp and a sheet of yellow paper.

She thrust the latter toward him. "I don't suppose that you will deny sending this?" she said coldly.

"Not a bit," he admitted, "only I wrote: 'Am sailing for London with Marc tomorrow. Address, American Exchange.' I cut out the Bennett to make ten words. The operator got it 'Marie.'"

"I don't see how he could do that?" she said doubtfully. Dick went over to the bookcase and drew down a volume.

"It's like this," he said, opening the book and laying it on the table. "Marc Bennett spells his name with a 'c' instead of a 'k.' Now, if you will look at this Morse code you will see that they telegraph two dots for 'i' and one for 'e,' 'c' is two dots, a space and a dot. Now, if the space between those dots was a little longer than it should be, as it very often is when a beginner is at the key, the receiver would read it 'e' instead of 'c.' If Mark had spelled his name with a 'k' you would have been saved all this trouble, or if you had had more faith in me"—

"Don't scold," said Marjorie penitently, stopping his words with her soft lips. "I've been a little fool. Can you forgive me?"

Since Dick stayed to supper he presumably did.

The University Presidency.

The unity and security of a university can only be assured through accountability to a central office. While every one is to have freedom to do in his own way the thing he is set to do, so long as his way proves to be a good way, the harmony of the whole depends upon the parts fitting together and upon definiteness of responsibility and frequency of accountability. No self respecting man is going to administer a great office or an office responsible for great results and have any doubt about possessing the powers necessary or incident to the performance of his work. He will have enough to think of without having any doubt upon that subject. There need be no fear of his being too much inflated with power. There will be enough to take the conceit out of him and keep him upon the earth. If he cannot exercise the powers of his great office and yet keep steady and sane there is no hope for him, and he will speedily come to official ruin. It is not a matter of uplifting or of inflating a man, but of getting a man who can meet the demands of a great situation.—Andrew S. Draper in Atlantic.

She Was Ready For Him.

He had come to break off the engagement. His mother didn't approve of his choice. Besides, he felt that he was too timid to assume the responsibilities of married life.

It wasn't a pleasant task.

"I have come," he said, "to say that—isn't there some one stirring at the side door?"

"It is nothing," she hastily answered. "You were about to say that"—

"I were about—I mean I was about to say that I think that we have—I mean I have—made a mistake in—I'm sure I hear somebody shuffling at the keyhole!"

She laughed in an unmirthful way.

"Yes," she said, "my foot ball brother, with his brindle bulldog, is out there waiting."

He didn't ask what they were waiting for.

"I have come to say, dearest," he briskly remarked, "that I think I have made a mistake in permitting you to put your wedding day so far ahead."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Usefulness of a Watch.

"If a business man did not require a watch in getting to and from the office every day," said a busy merchant, "he would need one to keep himself from being deluded and hurried or retarded by the hundred and one clocks he is sure to glance at en route. Have you ever noticed," he continued, smiling, "how few clocks are required to fill their original purpose of keeping the correct time? Not one in twenty or twenty-five is really exact, and frequently two clocks within half a block of each other will differ all the way from fifteen minutes to half an hour. The clocks in many stores regulate the time to suit their own sweet will. Public clocks and church clocks are frequently run down or out of order, and it really seems as if the only thing on duty in all timekeeping creation is the business man's pocket timepiece."—New York Press.

VARIETIES OF CRAMPS.

Curious Affections of Men in Various Walks of Life.

One of the curious complaints of the modern division of labor is the cramp that attacks those who constantly use their hands in one particular manner.

Writing cramp was the first to appear, being quite unknown until the introduction of steel pens. It affects men far oftener than the fair sex, and, singularly, those who suffer are not literary men, but copyists. It is almost incurable, and even when the left hand is used the cramp very soon crosses over to it.

Musicians of every kind are attacked. Among pianists it is chiefly ladies ambitious to become professionals who are the victims. Violent pain, weakness and fatigue of the arm make playing an impossibility. Violinists are affected both in the fingers of the left hand and the hand that holds the bow. Clarinet players get cramps of the tongue, and flute players get cramp in the larynx.

Telegraphers suffer very often, and they call it "loss of the grip." Tailors get cramps in legs as well as hands. Smiths and carpenters get what is called "hammer cramp," resulting from the enormous number of blows struck. It is estimated that a forger of knives and scissors strikes 28,000 blows every day.

Drivers get cramps in the hand, especially in the case of those who break in hard mouthed horses. Cigarmakers, watchmakers, photographers, auctioneers, sawyers, billiard players, dentists, turners, stampers, weavers, painters, money counters and ballet dancers—all suffer from their own peculiar cramps and often so severely that they have to exchange their employment for some other.

CRIMINAL BEES.

Honey Gatherers That Have Very Loose Moral Ideas.

Almost every form and variety of human crime is to be found among animals. Cases of theft are noticed among bees. Buchner in his "Psychic Life of Animals" speaks of thievish bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery and violence. They recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees.

But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon acquire a taste for this beverage, which has the same disastrous effects upon them as upon men. They become ill disposed and irritable and lose all desire to work, and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well supplied hives.

There is one variety of bees—the sphecodes—which live exclusively upon plunder.

How to Rest.

To understand how to rest is of more importance than to know how to work. The latter can be learned easily. The former it takes years to learn, and some people never learn the art of resting. It is simply a change of scenes and activities. Loafing may not be resting; sleeping is not always resting; sitting down for days, with nothing to do, is not restful. A change is needed to bring into play a different set of faculties and to turn the life into a new channel. The man who works hard finds his best rest in playing hard; the man who is burdened with care finds relief in something that is active, yet free from responsibility. Above all, keep good natured, and don't abuse your best friend, the stomach.

Hopping From World to World.

Few children reach the age of eight years without having worked out a cosmology of their own and their own system of metaphysics. A group of youngsters of that mature age were going home from school the other day when one began to instruct the others what to do in case of a certain crisis. "When the end of the world comes do you know what you want to do?" asked the manikin. "Well, you want to give a little jump like this. The world will slip out from under you, and you'll light on the one a-following it and be all right." Then the youngsters began practicing the sort of jump that was necessary to give them immortality.—Kansas City Times.

Algebra.

The science of algebra is said to have been the invention of Mohammed of Buziana about 850 A. D. The science was introduced into Spain by the Moors. The first treatise on the subject in any European language is believed to have been that by Luca Paccoli in 1494. The first English algebra was written by Robert Recorde, teacher of mathematics at Cambridge, about 1557. He was the first to use the sign of equality.

In the Frozen North.

"I suppose the native chiefs set elaborate tables."

"Yes," said the emigrant arctic explorer guardedly; "they usually put on a good deal of dog."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Innocence.

He—Has she been married long? She—No, but she still thinks that her husband eats cloves because he likes them.—San Francisco Call.

There's nothing but what's bearable as long as a man can work.—Eliot.

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FREE ANTITOXIN HEADS OFF DEATH

In Last Four Months Every Diphtheria Patient Treated Promptly and According to Health Commissioner's Instructions Has Recovered.

URGES EARLY DOSAGE

Dr. Dixon Scores a Notable Life-Saving Triumph Among the Poor of Pennsylvania — Hopes For Still Better Record.

The Health Commissioner, Samuel G. Dixon, a couple of months ago announced that use of free antitoxin among diphtheria victims who were too poor to pay for it, as it had reduced the death rate to 8.8 per cent. This was a splendid result and showed the great benefits of the State paying for antitoxin for those who might otherwise not be able to procure it and in consequence probably die.

Now Health Commissioner Dixon announces that according to the records compiled in his office he finds that during the four months of November and December, 1905, and January and February, 1906, there has not been a single death from diphtheria where the free use of antitoxin provided by the State has been used within 24 hours after the onset of the disease and in doses recommended in circulars sent out by the Commissioner.

Dr. Dixon attached great importance to this fact, and hopes that the same results will be secured in a far larger number of cases by physicians throughout the State using free antitoxin more promptly.

This prompt use of antitoxin has been urged by Health Commissioner Dixon from the start of the free distribution. He has urged it in his correspondence with fellow-medical men and the local Boards of Health throughout the State, and especially in the circular which is contained in every package of the State's free antitoxin.

"The early use of antitoxin is essential," says Health Commissioner Dixon in this circular, and he endeavors to impress it upon the people by heavily underscoring the words of advice.

In this circular also Dr. Dixon has given general directions for the administration of antitoxin in both curative and immunizing doses that have been found exceedingly helpful to physicians in Pennsylvania. Never less than 3000 units, says Dr. Dixon, should be used for a curative dose; in advanced cases he says to increase the initial curative dose from 3000 to 6000 units.

If improvement is not manifested within six hours following the initial dose, give 6000 units, and if no benefit is to be observed within the following eight to 12 hours, repeat the same until a change for the better can be noticed.

All cases showing croupy symptoms should receive large and often-repeated doses.

TWO ALPHABET LETTERS.

"J" and "W" Comparatively Recent Additions to the List.

It is a fact not so well known but that it may be said to be curious, that the letters *j* and *w* are *modern* additions to our alphabet. The letter *j* only came into general use during the *time of the commonwealth, say* between 1649 and 1658. From 1689 to 1640 its use is exceedingly rare, and I have *never yet seen a book printed* prior to 1622 in which it appeared.

In the century immediately preceding the seventeenth it became the fashion to fall the first *i* when Roman numerals were used, as in this example, viij for 8 or xij in place of 12. This fashion still lingers, but only in physicians' prescriptions, I believe. Where the French use *j* it has the power of *s* as we use it in the word *vision*." What nation was the first to use it as a new letter is an interesting but perhaps unanswerable query.

In a like manner the printers and language makers of the latter part of the sixteenth century began to recognize the fact that there was a sound in spoken English which was without a representative in the shape of an alphabetical sign or character, as in the first sound in the word "wet."

Prior to that time it had always been spelled as "vet," the *v* having the long sound of *u* or of two *u*'s together. In order to convey an idea of the new sound they began to spell such words as "wet," "weather," "web," etc., with two *u*'s, and as the *u* of that date was a typical *v* the three words above looked like this: "Vvet," "vveather," "vveb."

After awhile the typefounders recognized the fact that the double *u* had come to stay, so they joined the two *u*'s together and made the character now so well known as *w*. I have one book in which three forms of the *w* are given. The first is an old double *v* (vv); the next is one in which the last stroke of the first *v* crosses the first stroke of the second, and the third is the common *w* we use today. —New York News.

Some Old Men.

"After all, you know," said Mr. Oldbeau, "a man is only as old as he feels"—

"Yes," said Miss Pepprey, "but some old men make the mistake of thinking they are as young as they think they feel."—Philadelphia Press.

How to Tell Them Apart.

Mr. Knowall (laughing)—Can you tell me, Miss De Witte, what is the difference between a wise man and a fool? Miss De Witte—A wise man knows he is a fool and is miserable; the fool thinks he is wise and is happy.

TRAINING CROUPIERS

THE WAY THE EXPERTS AT MONTE CARLO ARE MADE.

Picked Men Undergo a Rigid Course of Instruction Until They Are Molded Into the Right Form to Preside Over the Gaming Tables.

The stereotyped words ring out in but slightly varying tones from the throats of those immaculate black coated functionaries. Indeed the most sensational coup of the season would, we believe, be powerless to move any of these suave officials into betraying even a momentary gleam of interest in the mere mortals he thus adjures to plank down "their ready."

The casual frequenter of the salle d'jeu pays but little heed to these things—indeed takes them as a matter of course—nevertheless the croupier is "made," not "born," though he may have inborn qualifications. He is a creature of selection, and given a candidate of seeming promise, there follow months of training and trial—aye, little temptations which shall test his honesty—before the three chiefs who watch him and consider all his points decide upon his actual election, and he is carefully molded into the "right form," that of the quiet, courteous yet ever alert gentleman, whose well kept hand spins the marble ball and throws the coins so dextrously across the green cloth.

It may be interesting to those who do not already know to hear that no more than thirty-six men can go up at a time for election. Thirty-six—the number which exactly corresponds with the numerals on the board—and of these, again, only the very fittest are chosen for final training and appointments.

The "making of the croupier" takes place during the dead season—that is, from about August till the end of December, by which time it is calculated a smart man may be considered fit to try his paces in public. The training is, indeed, no play, but consists of regular attendance at the classes of the "ecole des croupiers" for six hours a day, the exact time being from 8 to 11 in the forenoon and from 2 to 5 in the afternoon. Before admittance to the "school," however, a medical examination has to be undergone as well as examinations in viva voce arithmetic and tests put with regard to correct and fluent French and refinement of accent. Yet would all these avail a man nothing should his antecedents and character not bear the strictest and most searching scrutiny. During this time of probation coins of the value of those they will have to handle at the tables are not used, notes being represented by squares of paper of much the same size and texture and the louis d'or being "understudied" by one franc pieces, while the smallest stake permissible, the clumsy five franc piece, remains the same.

As we have, however, already observed, tests of honesty are at times resorted to in order to make sure of the man's qualities in this respect. Yet in order not to strain this point too highly the management pays the proprietor a sum of 150 francs a month salary during his period of training. The daily "lessons" consist naturally enough principally in the acquirement of a nice manipulation of the ball and the rake, in quick "head reckoning" and in dextrously pitching the coins across so that they seem to fall in an orderly golden row, each separate and distinct.

A distinction is made between candidates for the *trente-et-quarante* tables and those devoted to the more easily grasped game of roulette. The man serving the former are, as may have struck any observant visitor, of a distinctly better class, a higher mental caliber. Their salaries, too, are proportionately higher, ranging from 40 to 600 francs a month, while the "chef" draws 725 and the inspectors and sub directors from 750 to 1,000 a month, with a bonus also at the end of the season and *the comforting prospect* of a pension when old age or sickness comes along to lay them on the shelf. That these men are also well worth it goes without saying.

A lesser grade of intelligence is required at the *rouge-et-noir* board, yet here, too, the salaries are such as many a civil service clerk might well envy—earned, too, in a lovely climate and bearing in mind that, given fair health and a steady devotion to duty, the appointment may be considered good for all the man's working life—leading also to the ultimate pension in recognition of faithful services. The salary of the roulette croupier starts at 250 francs a month and may rise to 400 francs, and he also is the recipient of an annual bonus at the end of the "grand season." It should also be observed that while "on duty" the strain is continuous. Each man is "relieved" every two hours, when occurs that curious little ceremonial of turning the cushion on his chair, a "matter of form," to show he has hidden no coin beneath it.

The ages at which men may enlist in Fortuna's ranks lie between twenty-five and thirty, the adventurer, in the general and derogatory acceptation of that term, having no chance whatever, there being no place for such under the red and black flag of M. Blanc. A few of the older men one still meets—and there are now less of them every year—have "won their spurs" on other fields before the fickle goddess was driven into exile on the fair shores of the Mediterranean. Such who have grown gray in her service remember Homburg and Baden-Baden, have lively memories even of those halcyon days when the chink of the gold was borne out through the open windows of the now decorous Kurhaus in Wiesbaden.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

Not Evenly Matched.

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?" asked the judge.

"Nothing, your honor, except that I hope you will make allowances for the fact that the lawyer who convicted me had a louder voice than the one who defended me."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE MAELSTROM.

How It Feels to Be on the Edge of the Great Whirlpool.

Off the coast of Norway, between two islands of the Lofoden group, is the largest whirlpool in the world. Its name, Maelstrom, means "whirlstream," and the title is well earned.

The great Maelstrom is no longer held in superstitious fear, and many time charts have taught the sailors of the world where the danger lies and how to avoid it, so that accidents rarely occur—never except through ignorance or a previous disaster that has rendered a vessel unmanageable.

Several years ago the captain of a sailing vessel, desirous of seeing the famous whirlpool at close quarters was assured by his Norwegian pilot that he might venture near enough for examination without danger. And here is what the captain saw:

"I went to the main topsail yard with a good glass. I had been scarce but a few minutes when my ship entered the rush of the whirlpool. The velocity of the water altered her course three points toward the center. This thrilled me extremely for a moment. I thought destruction was inevitable. But she answered her helm nobly, and we ran along the edge, the waters foaming round us in every form.

"The sensations I experienced are difficult to describe. Imagine an immense circle running round of a diameter of one and a half miles, the velocity increasing as it approximated the center and gradually changing its dark blue color to white, foaming, tumbling, rushing to its vortex, very much concave—as much so as the water in a funnel when half run out. The noise, too, hissing, roaring, dashing, all pressing on the mind at once, presented the most awful, grand and solemn sight I ever beheld. We were near it about eighteen minutes and in sight of it two hours. It is evidently a subterranean passage. From its magnitude I should not doubt that instant destruction would be the fate of a dozen of our largest ships were they drawn in at the same moment. The pilot says that several vessels that had become unmanageable have been sucked down and that whales have also been destroyed."

Notice to Stone Masons.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of McKean County will let to the lowest responsible bidder the contract for the construction of the abutments for an Iron Bridge, to be erected over Bells Run Creek, in Ceres Township, at the place where the Oswayo Valley road crosses said Creek; on or about April 3rd, 1906, at the Commissioners' office in Smethport, Pa. All bids must be filed with the Commissioners on or before noon of said day; and must be accompanied with a bond in the sum of $2000.00, to be approved by the Commissioners, the right to reject any and all bids reserved.

Geo. Griffiths,
John A. Peterson,
John P. Devlin,
County Commissioners.

Attest: A. B. Walker, Clerk.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc. The prices are low and stock the best. C. LEMMLER.

The dealer can tell you the merits of these goods better than we can explain them in an advertisement.

It costs you nothing to see them at the following stores:

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The Finest and most complete line of

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ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration upon the estates of both Forrest W. Garrett and of Eliza H. Garrett, late of Norwich township, McKean Co., Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to either of said estates will make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against either of said estates will present the same to

FRED W. BROWNELL, Administrator, etc.
Postoffice address Smethport, Pa.

Executrix's Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of John McKernan, late of Keating township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same, without delay to Gorton & Richmond, Attorneys.

ANNA McKERNAN,
P. O Address, Smethport, Pa.

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EVEN IF THE BIG ADS ARE CURTAILED FOR THE TIME BEING.

The people like our Clothing and the way we sell it.

This business is run to satisfy the persons who patronized it; giving them the goods they most desire at prices within their means and dispensing treatment that made the individual feel at home here.

We want you to see special values that others offer as well as ours.

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BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

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BRADFORD, PA.

LENT

Please examine the following list and see if there are not some goods on it that you would like for the Lenten season.

Mackerel Boneless Codfish.
Lobster Sardines,
Shrimp Clams,
Salmon,
Kippered Herring,
Boneless Herring

I have a nice variety of canned soups including Burnham's Clam Chowder. If entrusted with your orders I promise you the best possible service.

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CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	$80,000.00

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to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

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under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

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RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

Financial Statement,

OF KEATING TOWNSHIP FOR THE YEAR 1905.

James Bray, Collector, in account with Keating Township road for 1904.

	Dr.	Cr.
To bal. due Keating Township bond	$ 101 89	
To bal. due Keating Township special	191 00	383 79
By exonerations on bond 1904		52 56
By exonerations on special		62 57
By amount paid Supervisor Herzog bond		74 34
By amount paid Supervisor Herzog special		74 35
By amount paid Supervisor Brown bond		50 00
By amount paid Supervisor Brown special		80 00
By commission on $248.90 at 5%		12 43
By amt. paid Treasurer Gallup to bal.		10 66
By commission on $17.64 at 5%		88 383 79

A. G. Farley, Collector, in account with Keating Township road for 1905.

	Dr.	Cr.
To amount of duplicate 1905 bond	1572 07	
To net of duplicate special	1572 97	3145 04
By exonerations on bond 1905		20 50
By exonerations on special		20 50
By returned to Co. Commissioners Bond		28 00
By returned to Co. Commissioners special		28 08
By amount paid Supervisor Herzog bond		570 58
By amount paid Supervisor Herzog special		570 58
By amount paid Supervisor Brown bond		570 59
By collector's commission on $2,268.82 at 5%		118 42
To bal. due Keating Township	504 03	3145 04

Michael Herzog, Supervisor, in account with Keating Township for 1905.

	Dr.	Cr.
To amt. of road duplicate for 1905	1572 80	
To amount of taxes returned from 1904	121 05	
To amount received from Co. Treasurer road fund	401 15	
To bal. due Keating Twp. last settlement	50 81	
To due Supervisor Herzog to balance	143 07	2202 31
By exonerations on duplicate 1905		28 70
By returned to new supervisors		60 58
By taxes worked in 1905		1284 46
By paid freight and materials		230 82
By commission on $1615.76 at 2%		30 31
By 221 days as supervisor at $1.50		331 50
By amount paid on road		268 91
By amount over paid on special		11 41 2202 31

	Dr.	Cr.
To amount recd. from Col. Bray bond	74 34	
To amount recd. from Col. Farley	570 58	
To amount recd. from Co. Treasurer	202 29	854 21
By paid on bonds		694 87
By paid interest on bonds		137 00
By commission on $831.87 at 2%		16 64
By amount due to balance		7 70 854 21

	Dr.	Cr.
To amount received from Coll. Bray special	74 35	
To amount received from Coll. Farley special	570 58	
To amount received from County Treasurer special	202 29	
To amount overpaid on special	41 41	807 63
By amount paid on judgments		860 01
By commission on $886.01 at 2%		17 62 807 63

Chas. Brown, Supervisor, in account with Keating Township 1905.

	Dr.	Cr.
To amount of road duplicate for 1905	1571 58	
To amount of taxes returned from 1904	335 32	
To amount received from County Treasurer road fund	436 29	
To due Supervisor Brown to balance	171 89	2465 09
By exonerations on duplicate 1905		173 40
By returned to new supervisors		328 09
By returned to County Commissioners		13 00
By taxes worked on roads		880 81
By amount paid on roads		503 37
By paid freight and materials		181 83
By paid Auditors, Town Clerk and bail cent		57 25
By commission on $2725 at 2%		1 15
By commission on $2634.70 at 2%		52 69
By 241 days as Supervisor at $1.50 per day		361 50 2465 09

	Dr.	Cr.
To amount received from Coll. Bray bond	191 81	
To amount received from Coll. Farley bond	570 58	
To amount received from County Treasurer bond	218 48	982 88
By paid on bonds		766 63
By paid interest on bonds		122 81
By commission on $889.50 at 2%		17 80
Due Keating Township to balance		26 79 982 88

	Dr.	Cr.
To amount received from Coll. Bray special	191 81	
To amount received from Coll. Farley special	570 58	
To amount received from County Treasurer special	218 48	932 90
By amount paid on judgments		857 20
By commission on $857.20 at 2%		17 14
Due special to balance		58 56 932 90

RESOURCES.

By balance due from Collector Farley	504.03	
By uncollected tax on County Treasurer duplicate	358 86	
By Township indebtedness to balance	4725 37	5088 26

LIABILITIES.

To amount of outstanding old bills	602 37
To amount of new bills rendered	31 97
To amount of outstanding bonds	3000 00
To amount of outstanding judgments	2023 72 5088 26

We, the Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts and vouchers of James Bray and A. G. Farley, Collectors, and Michael Herzog and Charles Brown, Supervisors, of Keating Township, find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals this 17th day of March, A. D. 1906.

F. L. BROCKHAM [SEAL]
A. B. WASHBURN, [SEAL]
S. D. CRAWFORD, [SEAL]

Attest: ELMER ROEDER,
Town Clerk.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. M. Mayo, notary public.

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Smethport, Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

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Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. E. Mayo,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark,
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Osterhout, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
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This hotel has recently been refurnished, repainted and refurnished throughout. The table is constantly supplied with the best the market affords. Fine rooms. Rates reasonable.

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F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call

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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars
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J. ODESSER

ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the Citizens of Smethport and surrounding country:

I wish to announce to you that I am prepared to receive your RAGS, RUBBERS, OLD COPPER, and in fact whatever you may have in the junk line.

Highest prices will be paid for all goods that you may have. I have engaged the services of Mr. Studley who will call on you and take what you have. Trusting you will give me your patronage as I am a citizen of Smethport I remain.

J. ODESSER
EAST SMETHPORT PA.